THE

# Souldiers Fortune:

A

# COMEDY.

Acted by their

# Royal Highneſſes

SERVANTS

AT THE

# Duke's Theatre.

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Written by *THOMAS OTWAY.*

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*Quem recitas meus eſt O Fidentine libellus,*
*Sed male cum recitas incipit eſſe tuus.*

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*LONDON,*

Printed for *R. Bentley* and *M. Magnes,* at the Poſt-Houſe in *Ruſſel-Street* in *Covent-Garden,* 1681.

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# DEDICATION.

Mr. *Bentley*,

I Have often (during this Plays being in the Preſs) been importun'd for a Preface; which you, I ſuppoſe, would have ſpeak ſomething in Vindication of the Comedy: Now to pleaſe you, Mr. *Bentley*, I will as briefly as I can ſpeak my mind upon that occaſion, which you may be pleas'd to accept of, both as a Dedication to your ſelf, and next as a Preface to the Book.

And I am not a little proud, that it has happened into my thoughts to be the firſt who in theſe latter years, has made an Epiſtle Dedicatory to his Stationer: It is a Complement as reaſonable as it is Juſt. For, Mr. *Bentley*, you pay honeſtly for the Copy; and an Epiſtle to you is a ſort of an Acquittance, and may be probably welcome; when to a Perſon of higher Rank and Order, it looks like an Obligation for Praiſes, which he knows he does not deſerve, and therefore is very unwilling to part with ready Money for.

As to the Vindication of this Comedy, be-

tween Friends and Acquaintance, I believe it is poſſible, that as much may be ſaid in it's behalf, as heretofore has been for a great many others: But of all the Apiſh qualities about me, I have not that of being fond of my own Iſſue; nay, I muſt confeſs my ſelf a very unnatural Parent, for when it is once brought into the World, E'en let the Brat ſhift for it ſelf, I ſay.

The Objections made againſt the merit of this poor Play, I muſt confeſs, are very grievous.

Firſt, Says a Lady, that ſhall be nameleſs, becauſe the World may think civilly of her; Fogh! oh *Sherru*! 'tis ſo filthy, ſo bawdy, no modeſt Woman ought to be ſeen at it: Let me dye, it has made me ſick: When the World lies, Mr. *Bentley*, if that very Lady has not eaſily digeſted a much ranker morſel in a little Ale-houſe towards *Paddington*, and never made a Face at it: But your true Jilt is a Creature that can extract Bawdy out of the chaſteſt ſence, as eaſily as a Spider can Poiſon out of a Roſe: They know true Bawdy, let it be never ſo much conceal'd, as perfectly as *Falſtaff* did the true Prince by inſtinct: They will ſeparate the true Metal from the Allay let us temper it as well as we can; ſome Women are the Touch-ſtones of filthineſs. Though I have heard a Lady (that has more modeſty than any of thoſe ſhe Criticks,

ticks, and I am ſure more wit) ſay, She wonder'd at the impudence of any of her Sex, that would pretend to underſtand the thing call'd Bawdy. So, Mr. *Bentley*, for ought I perceive, my Play may be innocent yet, and the Lady miſtaken in pretending to the knowledge of a Myſtery above her; though, to ſpeak honeſtly, ſhe has had beſides her Wit, a liberal Education, and if we may credit the World has not buried her Talent neither.

This is, Mr. *Bentley*, all I can ſay in behalf of my Play: Wherefore I throw it into Your Arms, make the beſt of it you can; praiſe it to your Cuſtomers: Sell ten thouſand of them if poſſible, and then you will compleat the wiſhes of

*Your Friend and Servant,*

THO. OTWAY.

# Dramatis Personæ.

| | |
|---|---|
| Capt. *Beaugard.* | Mr. *Betterton.* |
| *Courtine.* | Mr. *Smith.* |
| Sir *Davy Dunce.* | Mr. *Nokes.* |
| Sir *Jolly Jumble.* | Mr. *Leigh.* |
| *Fourbin*, A Servant to *Beaugard.* | Mr. *Jevon.* |
| *Bloody-Bones.* | Mr. *Richards.* |
| *Vermin* Servant to Sir *Davy.* | A Boy. |

| | |
|---|---|
| Lady *Dunce.* | Mrs. *Barry.* |
| *Sylvia* | Mrs. *Price.* |
| Maid | |

A Conſtable, and Watch.

*SCENE*, London.

# PROLOGUE, by the Lord *Falkland*

*FOrſaken Dames with leſs concern reflect*
*On their inconſtant Hero's cold neglects,*
*Than we (provok'd by this Ungrateful Age,)*
*Bear the hard Fate of our abandon'd Stage;*
*With grief we ſee you raviſht from our Arms,*
*And Curſe the Feeble Vertue of our Charms:*
*Curſe your falſe hearts, for none ſo falſe as they,*
*And curſe the Eyes that ſtole thoſe hearts away.*
*Remember Faithleſs Friends there was a time,*
*(But oh the ſad remembrance of our Prime!)*
*When to our Arms with eager Joys ye flew,*
*And we believ'd your treach'rous Hearts as true*
*As e're was Nymph of ours to one of you:*
*But a more pow'rful * Saint enjoys ye now;*
*Fraught with ſweet ſins and abſolutions too:*
*To her are all your pious Vows addreſt,*
*She's both your Loves, and your Religion's Teſt,*
*The faireſt Prelate of her time and beſt.*
*We own her more deſerving far then we,*
*A juſt excuſe for your inconſtancy.*
*Yet 'twas unkindly done to leave us ſo:*
*Firſt to betray with Love, and then undo,*
*A horrid Crime y'are all addicted to.*
*Too ſoon, alas, your Appetites are cloy'd,*
*And* Phillis *rules no more, when once enjoy'd:*
*But all raſh Oaths of Love and conſtancy,*
*With the too ſhort forgotten Pleaſures dye,*
*Whilſt ſhe, poor Soul, rob'd of her deareſt eaſe,*
*Still drudges on, with vain deſire to pleaſe;*
*And reſtleſs follows you from place to place,*
*For Tributes due to her Autumnal Face:*
*Deſerted thus by ſuch ungrateful men,*
*How can we hope you'l e're return agen?*
*Here's no new Charm to tempt ye as before,*
*Wit now's our only Treaſure left in ſtore,*
*And that's a Coyn will paſs with you no more:*
*You who ſuch dreadful Bullies would appear,*
*(True Bullyes! quiet when there's danger near)*
*Shew your great Souls in damning Poets here.*

* Pope Joan.

ALL the Tragdies and Comedies of *Francis Beaumont* and *John Fletcher*, in one Volume, containing fifty one Plays.

*Tartuff*, or the *French* Puritan.

Forc'd Marriage, or the Jealous Bride.

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*Nero*, a Tragedie.

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*Sophonisba*, or *Hanibals* overthrow.

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*Mithridates* King of *Pontus*.

*Cæsar Borgia*, Son of Pope *Alexander 6.*

*Oedipus*, King of *Thebes*.

*Theodosius*, or the Force of Love.

The Plain Dealer.

The Town-Fop, or Sir *Timothy Taudry*.

*Abdellazar*, or the *Moors* Reveng.

Madam *Fickle*: or the Witty False one.

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The Pilgrim: A Satyrical Novel on the horrible Villanies of those persons.

The Secret History of the Earl of Essex and Q. *Elizabeth*.

# THE Souldiers Fortune.

## ACT. I. SCENE I.

*Enter* Beaugard, Courtine, *and* Fourbin.

*Beau.* A Pox o' Fortune! Thou art always teizing me about Fortune: Thou riſeſt in a Morning with ill luck in thy Mouth; Nay, never eateſt a Dinner, but thou ſigheſt two hours after it, with thinking where to get the next. Fortune be damn'd, ſince the worlds ſo wide.

*Cour.* As wide as it is; 'tis ſo throng'd, and cramm'd with Knaves and Fools, that an honeſt man can hardly get a living in it.

*Beau.* Do, rail, *Courtine*, do, it may get thee employment.

*Cour.* At you I ought to rail, 'twas your fault we left our Employments abroad to come home, and be Loyal, and now we as Loyally ſtarve for it.

*Beau.* Did not thy Anceſtors do it before thee, man? I tell thee, Loyalty and Starving are all one: The old Cavaliers got ſuch a trick of it in the Kings Exile, that their poſterity could never thrive ſince.

*Cour.* 'Tis a fine Equipage I am like to be reduc'd to: I ſhall be e're long as greaſy as an *Alſatia* Bully; this a ſlopping Hat, pin'd upon one ſide, with a ſandy weather-beaten Perruque, dirty Linned, and to compleat the Figure, a long ſcandalous Iron Sword jarring at my Heels, like a——

*Beau.* Snarling thou meaneſt like it's Maſter.

*Cour.* My Companion's the worthy Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the Poſt: Your Peripatetrick Philoſophers of the Temple walks, Rogues in Rags, and yet not honeſt: Villains that undervalue Damnation, will forſwear themſelves for a Dinner; and hang their Fathers For half a Crown.

*Beau.* I am aſham'd to hear a Souldier talk of ſtarving.

*Cour.* Why, what shall I do? I can't steal! ——

*Bean.* Though thou canst not steal, thou hast other vices enough for any Industrious young fellow to live comfortably upon.

*Cour.* What wouldst thou have me turn Rascal, and run cheating up and down the Town for a livelihood? I would no more keep a Blockhead company, and endure his Nauseous non-sense in hopes to get him, then I would be a druge to an old Woman, with Rheumatick Eyes, hollow Teeth, and stinking breath for a pension: Of all Rogues I would not be a Foolmonger.

*Beau.* How well this niceness becomes thee! I'd fain see thee ee'n turn Parson in a pet, o' purpose to rail at all those vices which I know thou naturally art fond of: Why surely an Old Ladies pension need not be so despicable in the eyes of a disbanded Officer, as times go Friend.

*Cour.* I am glad, *Beaugard* you think so.

*Beau.* Why thou shalt think so too man; be rul'd by me, and I'll bring thee into good company, Families, *Courtine*, Families, and such Families, where formality's a scandal and pleasure is the bus'ness, where the Women are all Wanton, and the Men all Witty, you Rogue.

*Cour.* What, some of your Worships *Wapping* acquaintance that you made last time you came over for recruits, and Spirited away your Landladies Daughter, a Volunteering with you into *France*.

*Beau.* I'll bring thee, *Courtine*, where Cuckoldom's in credit, and lewdness laudable, where thou shalt wallow in pleasures and preferments, revel all day, and every Night lye in the Armes of melting beauty, sweet as Roses, and as Springs refreshing.

*Cour.* Prithee don't talk thus: I had rather thou wouldest tell me where new Levies are to be rais'd, a Pox of Whores when a man has not Money to mak'em Comfortable.

*Beau.* That shall shower upon us in abundance, and for instance, know to thy everlasting amazement all this dropt out of the Clouds to day.

*Court.* Hah! Gold by this light! ——

*Fourb.* Out of the Clouds! ——

*Beau.* Ay Gold! does it not smell of the sweet hand that sent it, smell —— smell you dog —— [*To* Fourbin.

[Fourbin *smells to the handful of gold, and gathers up some pieces in his Mouth.*

*Four.* Truly, Sir, of Heavenly sweetness: and very refreshing.

*Cour.* Dear, *Beaugard*, if thou hast any good Nature in thee; if thou wouldst not have me hang my self before my time, tell me where the Devil haunts that helpt thee to this, that I may go make a bargain with him presently: Speak, speak, or I am a lost Man.

*Beau.* Why thou must know this Devil which I have given my

Soul too already, and muſt, I ſuppoſe have my Body very ſpeedily lives I know not where, and may for ought I know be a real Devil; but if it be 'tis the beſt natur'd Devil under *Beelzebubs* dominion that I'll ſwear too.

*Cour.* But how came the gold then?

*Beau.* To deal freely with my Friend, I am lately happen'd into the acquaintance of a very Reverend pimp, as fine a diſcreet ſober gray bearded old Gentleman as one would wiſh; as good a natur'd publick ſpirited Perſon as the Nation holds; one that is never ſo happy as when he is bringing good people together, and promoting civil underſtanding betwixt the ſexes: Nay, rather then want employment, he will go from one end of the Town to t'other to procure my Lords little Dog to be civil to my Ladies little languiſhing Bitch.

*Cour.* A very worthy Member of the Common-Wealth!

*Beau.* This noble Perſon one day——but *Fourbin* can give you a more particular account of the matter; ſweet Sir, if you pleaſe tell us the ſtory of the firſt encounter betwixt you and Sir *Folly Jumble*, you muſt know that's his Title.

*Fourb.* Sir, it ſhall be done——walking one day upon the *Piazza* about three of the Clock i'th' after Noon, to get me a Stomach to my dinner, I chance to encounter a Perſon of goodly preſence, and worthy appearance, his Beard and Hair white, grave and comely, his countenance ruddy Plump ſmooth and cheerful; who perceiving me alſo equipt as I am with a meen and Air which might well inform him, I was a Perſon of no inconſiderable quality, came very reſpectfully up to me, and, after the uſual ceremonies between Perſons of parts and breeding had paſt, very humbly enquired of me what is it a Clock——I preſently underſtand by the queſtion, that he was a man of parts and buſineſs, told him, I did preſume it was at moſt but nicely turn'd of three——

*Beau.* Very Court-like, civil, quaint, and new I think.

*Fourb.* The freedom of comerce increaſing after ſome little inconſiderable queſtions *pour paſſer le temps* and ſo he was pleaſed to offer me the courteſie of a glaſs of Wine: I told him I very ſeldom drank, but if he ſo pleas'd, I would do my ſelf the honour to preſent him with a diſh of meat at an eating Houſe hard by, where I had an intereſt.

*Cour.* Very well: I think this Squire of thine, *Beauguard*, is as accompliſht a Perſon as any of the employment I ever ſaw.

*Beaug.* Let the Rogue go on.

*Four.* In ſhort we agreed and went together as ſoon as we entred the Room: I am your moſt humble Servant, Sir, ſays he——I am the meaneſt of your Vaſſals, Sir, ſaid I——I am very happy in lighting into the acquaintance of ſo worthy a Gentleman as you appear to be, Sir, ſayd he again——worthy, Sir *Folly*, then came I upon him again o'

tother side (for you must know by that time I had gropt out his Title) I kiss your hands from the bottom of my heart, which I shall be always ready to lay at your Feet.

*Cour.* Well, *Fourbin*, and what reply'd the Knight then?

*Four.* Nothing, he had nothing to say; his sense was transported with admiration of my parts; so we sat down, and after some pause, he desired to know by what title he was to distinguish the person that had so highly honoured him.

*Beau.* That is as much as to say, Sir, whose Rascal you were.

*Fourb.* Sir, you may make as bold with your poor Slave as you please — I told him those that knew me well were pleased to call me the Chevalier *Fourbin*, that I was a Cadet of the Ancient Family of the *Fourbinois*; and that I had had the honour of serving the great Monarch of *France* in his Wars in *Flanders*, where I contracted great Familiarity, and Intimacy with a gallant Officer of the *English* Troops in that service one Captain *Beaugard*.

*Beau.* Oh, Sir, you did me too much honour, what a true bred Rogue's this! ——

*Cour.* Well but the Money, *Fourbin*, the Money.

*Four.* *Beaugard*, how *Beaugard*, says he! — ay it must be, so, — a black man, is he not? — ay, says I, blackish — a dark brown — full Fac't — yes, — a sly subtle observing eye? — the same, a strong built well made man? — right — a devillish fellow for a Wench, a devilish fellow for a Wench, I warrant him, a thundring Rogue upon occasion, *Beaugard*! a Thundering fellow for a Wench, I must be acquainted with him.

*Cour.* But to the money, the money man, that's the thing I would be acquainted withall.

*Beau.* This civil Gentleman of the Chevaliers acquaintance comes yesterday morning to my Lodging, and seeing my Picture in Minature upon the Toylet, told me with the greatest extasie in the World, that was the thing he came to me about: He told me there was a Lady of his acquaintance had some favourable thoughts of me and I gad, says he, she's a hummer, such a *bona Roba* ah-h-h. So without more ado begs me to lend it him till dinner (for we concluded to eat together) so away he scuttled with as great joy as if he had found the Philosophers Stone.

*Cour.* Very well.

*Beau.* At *Lockets* we met again: where after a thousand grimaces to shew how much he was pleas'd, instead of my Picture, presents me with the contents aforesaid; and told me the Lady desir'd me to accept of 'em for the Picture which she was much transported withall, as well as with the Original.

*Cour.* Hah! ——

*Beau.* Now, whereabouts this taking quality lies in me, the Devil

vil take me Ned if I know: But the Fates Ned, the Fates!

*Cour.* A Curſe on the Fates! Of all Strumpets Fortunes the baſeſt, 'twas Fortune made me a Souldier, a Rogue in Red, the grievance of the Nation, Fortune made the peace juſt when we were upon the brink of a War; then Fortune disbanded us, and loſt us two Months pay: Fortune gave us Debentures inſtead of ready Money, and by very good Fortune I ſold mine, and loſt heartily by it, in hopes the grinding ill natur'd dog that bought it will never get a ſhilling for't——

*Beau.* Leave off thy railing for ſhame, it looks like a Cur that barks for want of bones; come times may mend, and an honeſt Souldier be in faſhion again——

*Cour.* Theſe greaſie fat unwieldy wheeting Rogues that live at home and brood over their bags, when a fit of fear's upon 'em then if one of us paſs but by, all the Family is ready at the door to cry, Heaven's bleſs you, Sir, the Laird go along with you.

*Beau.* Ah good men, what pity 'tis ſuch proper Gentlemen ſhould ever be out of Employment.

*Cour.* But when the bus'nets is over, then every Pariſh Bawd that goes but to a Conventicle twice a Week, and pays but ſcot and lot to the Pariſh, ſhall roar out fogh, ye Lowſy Red-coat rake hells! hout ye Caterpillars, ye Locuſts of the Nation, you are the Dogs that would enſlave us all, plunder our Shops, and raviſh our Daughters, ye Scoundrels.

*Beau.* I muſt confeſs raviſhing ought to be regulated, it would deſtroy commerce, and many a good Sober Matron about this Town might looſe the ſelling of her Daughters Maiden-Head, which were a great grievance to the people, and a particular Branch of property loſt, *Fourbin.*

*Four.* Your Worſhips pleaſure.

*Beau.* Run like a Rogue as you are, and try to find Sir *Jolly*, and deſire him to meet me at the blew Poſts in the Hay-market about 12, we'll Dine together; I muſt inquire farther into yeſterdays adventure; in the mean time, Ned, here's half the prize to be doing withall, old friends muſt preſerve Correſpondence, we have ſhar'd good Fortune together and bad ſhall never part us.

*Cour.* Well, thou wilt certainly die in a Ditch for this, haſt thou no more grace then, to be a true Friend, nay, to part with thy money to thy Friend; I grant you, a Gentleman may ſwear and lye for his Friend, pimp for his Friend, hang for his Friend, and ſo forth: but to part with ready money is the devil.

*Beau.* Stand aſide either I am miſtaken, or yonder's Sir *Jolly* coming; now *Courtine*, will I ſhew thee the Flower of Knighthood: Ah, Sir *Jolly*.

*Enter*

*Enter Sir* Jolly.

*Sir Jol.* My Hero! my darling! my Ganimede! how doſt thou? Strong! wanton! luſty! rampant! hah, ah, ah! She's thine Boy, odd ſhe's thine, plump, ſoft, ſmooth, wanton! hah, ah, ah! Ah Rogue, ah Rogue! here's ſhouldiers, here's ſhape! there's a Foot and Leg, here's a Leg, here's a Leg—Qua a-a a-a,

[*Squeaks like a Cat, and tickles* Beaugards *Legs.*

*Cour.* What an old Goat's this.

*Sir Jol.* Child, Child, Child, who's that? A friend of thine! a friend o' thine? A pretty fellow, odd a very pretty fellow, and a ſtrong dog I'll warrant him, how doſt do dear heart? prithee let me kiſs thee, I'll ſwear and vow I will kiſs thee, ha, ha, he, he, he, he, a Toad, A Toad, ah Toa-a-a-ad ——

*Cour.* Sir, I am your humble Servant.

*Beau.* But the Lady, Sir *Jolly*, the Lady, how does the Lady, what ſays the Lady, Sir *Jolly*?

*Sir Jol.* What ſays the Lady! why ſhe ſays—ſhe ſays—odd ſhe has a delicate Lip, ſuch a Lip, ſo red, ſo hard, ſo plump, ſo blub; I fancy I am eating Cherries every time I think on't—and for her Neck and Breaſts and her——odds life; I'll ſay no more, not a word more, but I know, I know ——

*Beau.* I am ſorry for that with all my Heart; do you know, ſay you, Sir, and would you put off your mubled orts, your offall upon me—

*Sir Jol.* Huſh, huſh, huſh! have a care, as I live and breathe, not I; alack and well a day I am a poor old fellow decay'd and done: Alls gone with me Gentlemen, but my good Nature, odd I love to know how matters go, though now and then to ſee a pretty Wench, and a young Fellow Towze and Rowze and Frouze and Mowze; odd I love a young fellow dearly, faith dearly——

*Cour.* This is the moſt extraordinary rogue, I ever met withall.

*Beau.* But Sir *Jolly*, in the firſt place, you muſt know, I have ſworn never to marry.

*Sir Jol.* I would not have thee man, I am a Bachelour my ſelf, and been a whore Maſter all my life, beſides ſhe's married already man, her Husband's an old greaſie, untoward, ill natur'd, ſlovenly, Tobacco-taking Cuckold; but plaguy jealous.

*Beau.* Already a Cuckold, Sir *Jolly*.

*Sir Jol.* No that ſhall be my Boy, thou ſhalt make him one, and I'll pimp for thee dear heart, and ſhan't I hold the door, ſhan't I peep hah, ſhan't I you devil, you little dog ſhan't I?——

*Beau.* What is it, I'd not grant to oblige my Patron.

*Sir Jol.* And then doſt hear, I have a lodging for thee in my own houſe; doſt hear old Soul, in my own houſe: She lives the very next door

door man, there's but a Wall to part her Chamber and thine, and then for a peep-hole, odds fish I have a peep hole for thee; 'sbud I'll shew thee, I'll shew thee——

*Beau.* But when, Sir *Jolly*, I am in haste, impatient.

*Sir Jol.* Why this very night man; poor Rogue's in haste, poor Rogue; but hear you——

*Cour.* The matter?

*Sir Jol.* Shan't we dine together?

*Beau.* With all my heart.

*Sir Jol.* The Maw begins to empty, get you before and bespeak Dinner at the blew posts; while I stay behind and gather up a dish of Whores for a desert.

*Cour.* Be sure that they be lew'd drunken stripping Whores, Sir *Jolly*, that won't be affectedly squeamish and troublesome.

*Sir Jol.* I warrant you.

*Cour.* I love a well disciplin'd Whore, that shews all the tricks of her profession with a wink; like an old Souldier that understands all his exercise by beat of Drum.

*Sir Jol.* A Thief, sayest thou so! I must be better acquainted with that fellow; he has a notable Nose; a hard brawny Carle— true and trusty, and mettle I'll warrant him.

*Beau.* Well, Sir *Jolly*, you'l not fail us?——

*Sir Jol.* Fail ye! am I a Knight? hark ye Boys: I'l muster this evening, such a Regiment of Rampant, Roaring, Roysterous Whores, that shall make more noise than if all the Cats in the Hay-market were in Conjunction: Whores ye Rogues, that shall swear with you, drink with you, talk Bawdy with you, fight with you, scratch with you, lye with you, and go to the Devil with you, shan't we be very merry, hah!——

*Cour.* As merry as Wine, Women and Wickedness can make us.

*Sir Jol.* Odd that's well said again, very well said, as merry as Wine, Women and wickedness can make us: I love a fellow that is very wicked dearly; methinks there's a spirit in him, there's a sort of a tantara, rara, tantara ra ra, ah ah h h well, and won't ye, when the Women come, won't ye, and shall I not see a little sport amongst you; well get ye gone; ah Rogues, ah Rogues, da da, I'll be with you, da da—— [*Exeunt* Beaugard, *and* Courtine.

*Enter several Whores, and three Bullies.*

1 *Bul.* In the name of Satan what Whores are these in their Copper trim, yonder?

1 *Who.* Well I'll swear, Madam, 'tis the finest Evening: I love thee, Mall, mightily.

2 *Bul.* Let's huzza the Bulkers.

2 *Whore*

2. *Whor.* Really, and ſo do I; becauſe there's alwaies good company, and one meets with ſuch Civilitys from every body.

3. *Bul.* Damn'd Whores, hout ye filthies.

3. *Whor.* Ay, and then I love extreamly to ſhew my ſelf here, when I am very fine, to vex thoſe poor Devils that call themſelves Vertues, and are very ſcandalous and Crapiſh, I'll ſwear; O Crimine, who's yonder! Sir *Jolly Jumble*, I vow.

1 *Bul.* Fogh! Let's leave the naſty Sowes to Fools, and Diſeaſes.

1 *Whor.* Oh *Papa*, *Papa!* where have you been theſe two days, *Papa*?

2 *Who.* You are a precious *Father* indeed, to take no more care of your *Children*: We might be dead for all you, you naughty *Dady*, you.

Sir *Jol.* Dead, my poor Fubſes! odd I had rather all the Relations I have were dead, a dad I had: Get you gone you little Devils Bubbies; oh Law there's Bubbies! odd I'll bite 'em, odd I will.

1 *Whor.* Nay, fye, *Papa*; I ſwear you'l make me angry, except you carry us, and treat us to Night, you have promis'd me a treat this Week, wont you *Papa*.

2 *Whor.* Ay, wont you *Dad*.

Sir *Jol.* Odds ſo, odds ſo, well remember'd! get you gon, don't ſtay talking; get you gone, yonders, a great Lord, the Lord *Beaugard*, and his Couzin the Baron, the Count, the Marquis, the Lord knows what, Monſieur *Courtine* newly come to Town, odds ſo.

3 *Whor.* Oh Law, where *Dady*, where? Oh dear, a Lord.

1 *Whor.* Well, you are the Pureſt *Papa*; but when be dey mun, *Papa*———

Sir *Jolly.* I won't tell you, you Jipſies, ſo I wont———*except you tickle me*——'ſbud they are brave fellows all Tall, and not a bit ſmall, odd one of 'em has a devilliſh deal of Monie.

1 *Whor.* Oh dear, but which is he, *Papa*.

2. *Whor.* Shan't I be in Love with him, *Dady*.

Sir *Jol.* *What no body tickle me! no body tickle me?* —not yet, tickle me a little *Mally*—tickle me a little *Jenny*—do He he he he he he—

(*They tickle him.*

No more, oh dear, oh dear! poor Rogues, ſo ſo, no more, nay, if you do, if you do, odd I'l I'l I'l———

3 *Wh.* What, what will you do trow?——

Sir *Jol.* Come along with me, come along with me, ſneak after me at a diſtance, that no bodie take notice, Swinging fellows *Mally*—Swinging fellows *Jenny*, a Devilliſh deal of Monie, get you afore me then, you little dippappers, ye Waſps, ye wagtails, get youg on, I ſay, ſwinging fellows———

(*Exeunt Sir* Jolly, *with the Whores.*

*Enter*

*Enter Lady Dunce and* Sylvia.

*Lady D.* Dye a Maid, *Sylvia*! fie for ſhame! what a ſcandalous reſolution's that; five thouſand Pounds to your Portion and leave it all to Hoſpitals, for the innocent recreation hereafter of leading Apes in Hell, fie for ſhame!

*Sylvia.* Indeed ſuch another charming Animal as your Conſort, Sir *David*, might do much with me; 'tis an unſpeakable bleſſing to lye all night by a Horſe-load of diſeaſes; a beaſtly, unſavory, old, groaning, grunting, wheazing Wretch, that ſmells of the Grave he's going to already, from ſuch a curſe and Hair-Cloath next my skin good Heaven deliver me!

*Lady D.* Thou miſtakeſt the uſe of a Husband, *Silvia*: They are not meant for Bedfellows, heretofore indeed 'twas a fulſome faſhion, to ly o'nights with a Husband; but the worlds improv'd and Cuſtoms altered.

*Sylv.* Pray inſtruct then what the uſe of a Husband is.

*Lady D.* Inſtead of a Gentleman-Uſher for Ceremonies ſake to be in waiting on ſet days, and particular occaſions; but the Friend Cozen is the Jewel unvaluable.

*Sylv.* But, Sir *David*, Madam will be difficult to be ſo Govern'd; I am miſtaken, if his Nature is not too Jealous to be blinded.

*Lady Du.* So much the better, of all, the jealous Fool is eaſieſt to be deceiv'd: For obſerve, where there's jealouſie there's always fondneſs; which if a Woman, as ſhe ought to do, will make the right uſe of the Husband's fears ſhall not ſo awake him on one ſide as his dotage ſhall blind him on the other.

*Sylv.* Is your Piece of mortality ſuch a doteing Doodle, is he ſo very fond of you.

*Lady D.* No, but he has the vanity to think that I am very fond of him, and if he be jealous, 'tis not ſo much for fear I do abuſe, as that in time I may, and therefore impoſes this confinement on me, though he has other divertiſments that take him off from my injoyment; which make him ſo loathſome no Woman but muſt hate him.

*Sylv.* His private divertiſements I am a ſtranger to.

*Lady D.* Then for his Perſon 'tis incomparably odious, he has ſuch a breath, one kiſs of him were enough to cure the fits of the Mother, 'tis worſe then *Aſa fœtida*.

*Sylv.* Oh hideous!

*Lady D.* Every thing that's nasty he affects, clean Linnen he says is unwholesome, and to make him more charming he's continually eating of Garlike and chewing Tobacco.

*Silv.* Fogh! this is love! this is the blessing of Matrimony.

*Lady Du.* Rail not so unreasonably against love, *Silvia*: As I have dealt freely and acknowledged to thee the passion I have for *Beaugard*; so methinks, *Silvia* need not conceal her good thoughts of her Friend; do not I know *Courtine* sticks in your stomach?

*Sylv.* If he does, I'll assure you he shall never get to my heart, but can you have the Conscience to love another man now you are married? what do you think will become of you.?

*Lady D.* I tell thee, *Sylvia*, I never was married to that Engine we have been talking of, my parents indeed made me say something to him after a Priest once, but my heart went not along with my tongue, I minded not what it was for my thoughts, *Sylvia*, for these seven years have been much better imploy'd—— *Beaugard!* Ah curse on the day that first sent him into *France*!

*Sylv.* Why so I beseech you?

*Lady D.* Had he stay'd here, I had not been sacrific'd to the Arms of this monument of Man, for the bed of death could not be more cold, then his has been, he would have delivered me from the Monster, for even then I loved him, and was apt to think my kindness not neglected.

*Sylv.* I find indeed your Ladyship had good thoughts of him.

*Lady D.* Surely 'tis impossible to think too well of him, for he has wit enough to call his good nature in question, and yet good nature enough to make his wit be suspected.

*Sylv.* But how do you hope ever to get sight of him, Sir *David*'s watchfulness is invincible. I dare swear he wou'd smell out a Rival if he were in the house only by natural instinct, as some that always sweat when a Cat's in the Room, then again, *Beaugard's* a Souldiers and that's a thing the old Gentleman you know loves dearly.

*Lady D.* There lies the greatest comfort of my uneasie life he is one of those Fools forsooth, that are led by the Nose by Knaves to rail against the King and the Government, and is mightly fond of being thought of a party, I have had hopes this twelve month to have heard of his being in the Gate-House for Treason.

*Sylv.* But I find only your self the Prisoner all this while.

*Lady D.* At present indeed I am so, but Fortune I hope

will

will ſmile, wouldſt thou but be my Friend, *Sylvia.*

*Sylv.* In any miſchievous deſign withall my heart.

*Lady D.* The concluſion, Madam, may turn to your ſatisfaction, but you have no thoughts of *Courtine.*

*Sylv.* Not I, I'll aſſure you Cozen.

*Lady D.* You don't think him well ſhap'd, ſtreight, and proportionable.

*Sylv.* Conſidering he eats but once a Week, the man is well enough.

*Lady D.* And then wears his Cloaths you know filthily and like a horrid Sloven.

*Sylv.* Filthily enough of all Conſcience, with a thred-bare Red-Coat, which his Taylor duns him for to this day, over which a great broad greaſie buff Belt, enough to turn any ones Stomach but a diſbanded Souldier; a Perruque ty'd up in a knot to excuſe its want of combing, and then becauſe he has been a Man a Armes, he muſt wear two Tuffles of a Beard forſooth, to lodge a dunghill of ſnuff upon, to keep his Noſe in good humour.

*Lady D.* Nay, now I am ſure that thou loveſt him.

*Sylv.* So far from it, that I proteſt eternally againſt the whole ſex.

*Lady D.* That time will beſt demonſtrate, in the mean while to our buſineſs.

*Sylv.* As how, Madam.

*Lady D.* To night muſt I ſee *Beaugard*, they are this minute at Dinner in the hay-market; now to make my evil genious, that haunts me every where, my thing called a Husband, himſelf to aſſiſt his poor Wife, at a dead lift, I think would not be unpleaſant.

*Sylv.* But 'twill be impoſſible

*Lady D.* I am apt to be perſwaded rather very eaſie, you know our good and friendly Neighbour, Sir *Jolly.*

*Sylv.* Out on him beaſt, he's always talking filthily to a body, If he ſits but at the table with one, he'll be making naſty figures in the Napkins.

*Lady D.* He and my ſweet yoke fellow are the moſt intimate friends in the world, ſo that partly out of neighbourly kindneſs, as well as the great delight he takes to be medling in matters of this nature, with a great deal of pains and induſtry procured me *Beaugards* picture, and given him to underſtand how well a Friend of his in Petticoats, call'd my ſelf, wiſhes him.

*Sylv.* But what's all this to the making the Husband inſtrumental, for I muſt confeſs of all creatures a Husbands the thing that's odious to me.

*Lady D.* That must be done this night: I'll instantly to my chamber take my bed in a pet and send for Sir *David.*

*Sylv.* But which way then must the Lover come?

*Lady D.* Nay, I'll betray *Beaugard* to him, shew him the picture he sent me, and beg of him as he tenders his own honour, and my quiet, to take some course to secure me from the scandalous solicitations of that innocent Fellow.

*Sylv.* And so make him the property, the go-between, to bring the affair to an issue the more decently.

*Lady D.* Right, *Sylvia*, 'tis the best office a Husband can do a Wife; I mean an old husband; bless us to be yok'd in Wedlock with a paralitick, coughing, decrepid Dotrell, to be a dry Nurse all ones life time to an old Child of sixty five, to lye by the Image of Death a whole night, a dull immoveable, that has no sense of life, but through it's pains, the Pidgeons as happy that's laid to a sick mans feet, when the world has given him over; for my part this shall henceforth be my prayer,

*Curst be the memory; nay, double curst,*
*Of her that wedded Age for interest first;*
*Though worn with years, with fruitless wishes full,*
*'Tis all day troublesome, and all night dull,*
*Who wed with Fools indeed lead happy lives,*
*Fools are the fittest finest things for Wives;*
*Yet old men Profit bring as Fools bring ease,*
*And both make Youth and Wit much better please.*

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# ACT. II.

*Enter Sir* Jolly, Beaugard, Courtine, *and* Fourbin.

*Court.* SIR *Jolly* is the glory of the Age.

*Sir Jol.* Nay now, Sir, you honour me too far.

*Beaug.* He's the delight of the young, and wonder of the old.

*Sir Jol.*

*Sir Jol.* I ſwear Gentlemen you make me bluſh.

*Cour.* He deſerves a Statue in Gold, at the charge of the Kingdom.

*Sir Jol.* Out upon't, fye for ſhame: I proteſt I'll leave your company if you talk ſo; but faith they were pure Whores, daintily dutiful Strumpets, ha! udds-bud, they'd—have ſtript for t'other Bottle.

*Beau.* Truly, Sir *Jolly*, you are a man of very extraordinary diſcipline, I never ſaw Whores under better command in my life.

*Sir Jol.* Piſh, that's nothing man, nothing, I can ſend for forty better when I pleaſe, Doxies that will skip, ſtrip, leap, trip, and do any thing in the world, any thing old Soul.

*Cour.* Dear, dear Sir *Jolly*, where and when?

*Sir Jol.* Odd as ſimply as I ſtand here her Father was a Knight.

*Beau.* Indeed Sir *Jolly*, a Knight ſay you?

*Sir Jol.* Ay, but a little decay'd, I'll aſſure you ſhe's a very good Gentlewoman born.

*Cour.* Ay, and a very good Gentlewoman bred too.

*Sir Jol.* Ay, and ſo ſhe is.

*Beau.* But Sir *Jolly*, how goes my buſineſs forward, when ſhall I have a view of the quarry I am to fly at?

*Sir Jol.* Alas a day, not ſo haſty, ſoft and fair I beſeech you, ah my little Son of thunder, if thou hadſt her in thy arms now between a pair of ſheets, and I under the Bed to ſee fair play Boy, gemini! what wou'd become of me? What wou'd become of me? there would be doings, oh Lawd, I under the bed!

*Beau.* Or behind the hangings, Sir *Jolly*, would not that do as well.

*Sir Jol.* Ah no, under the bed againſt the world, and then it would be very dark, hah!

*Beau.* Dark to chuſe.

*Sir Jol.* No, but a little light would do well, a ſmall glimmering Lamp, juſt enough for me to ſteel a peep by; oh lamentable! oh lamentable, I won't ſpeak a word more, there would be a trick! oh rare you friend, oh rare! odds ſo not a word more, odds ſo yonder comes the Monſter that muſt be the Cuckold Elect, ſtep ſtep aſide and obſerve him, if I ſhou'd be ſeen in your company, 'twoud ſpoil all.

*Beau.* For my part I'll ſtand the meeting of him, one way to promote a good underſtanding with a Wife, is firſt to get acquainted with her Husband.

*Enter Sir* David.

*Sir Dav.* Well of all bleſſings, a diſcreet Wife is the greateſt that

can

can light upon a man of years: had I been married to any thing but an Angel now, what a Beast had I been by this time, well I am the happiest old Fool! 'tis an horrid Age that we live in, so that an honest man can keep nothing to himself; if you have a good estate, every covetous Rogue is longing for't (truly I love a good estate dearly my self;) if you have a handsome Wife, every smoothfac'd Coxcomb will be combing and cocking at her, flesh-flies are not so troublesome to the shambles, as those sort of Insects are to the Boxes in the Play-house: But vertue is a great blessing, an unvaluable treasure, to tell me her self that a Villain had tempted her, and give me the very Picture, the inchantment that he sent to bewitch her, it strikes me dumb with admiration; here's the Villain in effigie. [*Pulls out the Picture*] Odd a very handsome fellow, a dangerous Rogue I'll warrant him, such fellows as these now should be fetter'd like unruly Colts, that they might not leap into other mens pastures; here's a Nose now, I con'd find in my heart to cut it off, damn'd Dog, to dare to presume to make a Cuckold of a Knight! bless us what will this world come to! well poor Sir *David* down, down, on thy knees and thank thy stars for this deliverance.

*Beau.* 'Sdeath what's that I see? Sure 'tis the very Picture which I sent by Sir *Jolly*, if so, by this light, I am damnably Jilted.

*Sir Da.* But now if.——

*Beau.* Surely he does not see us yet.

*Four.* See you, Sir, why he has but one eye, and we are on his blind side; I'll dumb-found him. [*Strikes him on the shoulder.*

*Sir Da.* Who the Divels this? Sir, Sir, Sir, who are you Sir?

*Beau.* Ay, ay, 'tis the same, now a pox of all amorous adventures, 'sdeath I'll go beat the impertinent pimp that drew me into this fooling.

*Sir Da.* Sir, methinks you are very curious.

*Beau.* Sir, perhaps I have an extraordinary reason to be so.

*Sir Da.* And perhaps, Sir, I care not for you, nor your Reasons neither.

*Beau.* Sir, if you are at leisure, I would beg the Honour to speak with you.

*Sir Da.* With me, Sir? What's your business with me?

*Beau.* I wou'd not willingly be troublesome; though it may be I am so at this time.

*Sir Da.* It may be so too, Sir.

*Beau.* But to be known to so worthy a Person as you are, would be so great an honour, so extraordinary a happiness, that I could not avoid taking this opportunity of tend'ring you my Service.

*Sir Da.* Smooth Rogue, who the Divel is this fellow? (*Aside.*) But Sir, you were pleased to nominate business Sir, I desire with what

speed

ſpeed you can to know your buſineſs, Sir, that I may go about my buſineſs.

*Beau.* Sir, if I might with good manners, I ſhould be glad to inform my ſelf, whoſe picture that is which you have in your hand, methinks it is very fine painting.

*Sir Da.* Picture, Friend, picture! Sir, 'tis the reſemblance of a very impudent fellow, they call him Captain *Beaugard* forſooth, but he is in ſhort a rakehell, a poor louzy beggarly disbanded devil, do you know him friend?——

*Beau.* I think I have heard of ſuch a vagabond, the truth on't is he is a very impudent fellow.

*Sir Da.* Ay, a dam'd Rogue.

*Beau.* Oh a notorious ſcoundrel!

*Sir Da.* I expect to hear he's hang'd by next Seſſions.

*Beau.* The truth on't is, he has deſerv'd it long ago; but did you ever ſee him, Sir *David*.

*Sir Da.* Sir——does he know me? [*Aſide.*

*Beau.* Becauſe I fancy that Mignature is very like him, pray Sir, whence had it you?——

[*Compares the Picture with* Beaugard's *Face.*

*Sir Da.* Had it, Friend? had it! whence had it! —bleſs us, what have I done now this the very Traytour himſelf, if he ſhould be deſperate now, and put his ſword in my guts!——ſlitting my noſe will be as bad as that, I have but one eye left neither, and may be—oh but this is the Kings Court, odd tha's well remember'd he dares not but be civil here; I'll try to out-huff him, whence had it you?

*Beau.* Ay, Sir, whence had it you? that's *Engliſh* in my Countrie, Sir.

*Sir Da.* Go, Sir, you are a Raſcal.

*Beau.* How!

*Sir Da.* Sir, I ſay, you are a Raſcal, a very impudent Raſcal, nay, I'll prove you to be a Raſcal, if you go to that——

*Beau.* Sir, I am a Gentleman and a Souldier.

*Sir Da.* So much the worſe, Souldiers have been Cuckold makers from the beginning; Sir, I care not what you are; for ought I know you may be a——come Sir, did I never ſee you? anſwer me to that did I never ſee you? for ought I know you may be a Jeſuit; there were more in the laſt armie beſide you.

*Beau.* Of your acquaintance, and be hang'd!

*Sir Da.* Yes to my knowledge, there were ſeveral at *Hounſlow Heath* diſguiſed in dirtie Petticoats, and cry'd Brandy, I knew a Serjeant of foot that was familier with one of them all night in a Ditch, and fancy'd him a woman, but the Devil is powerful.

*Beau.* In ſhort, you worthy Villain of Worſhip, that picture is mine, and I muſt have it, or I ſhall take an oppertunity to kick your Worſhip moſt inhumanly.

*Sir Da.*

*Sir Da.* Kick Sir,

*Beau.* Ay, Sir, kick, 'tis a recreation I can shew you.

*Sir Da.* Sir, I am a free-born subject of *England*, and there are Laws, look you, there are Laws; so I say you are a Rascal again, and now how will you help your self? poor Fool!

*Beau.* Hearke you Friend, have not you a Wife?

*Sir Da.* I have a Lady, Sir, ——oh and she's mightily taken with this Picture of yours, she was so mightily proud of it, she could not forbear shewing it me, and telling too who 'twas sent it her.

*Beau.* And has she bin long a Gilt? has she practised the Trade for any time?

*Sir Da.* Trade! humph, what Trade! what Trade? Friend?

*Beau.* Why the Trade of Whore and no Whore, Catterwauling in jest, putting out Christian Colours, when she's a Turk under Deck: A curse upon all honest women in the flesh, that are Whores in the Spirit.

*Sir Da.* Poor Divil, how he rails, ha, ha, ha, look you sweet Soul, as I told you before, there are laws, there are laws, but those are things not worthy your consideration: Beautie's your business; but dear vagabond trouble thy self no further about my Spouse, let my Doxie rest in peace, she's meat for thy Master, old boy; I have my belly full of her every Night.

*Beau.* Sir, I wish all your noble Family hang'd from the bottom of my heart.

*Sir Da.* Moreover Captain Swash I must tell you my Wife is an honest Woman, of a vertuous disposition, one that I have loved from her Infancy, and she deserves it by her faithful dealing in this affair, for that she has discover'd loyally to me the treacherous designs laid against her Chastity, and my Honour.

*Beau.* By this light the Beast weeps.

*Sir Da.* Truly I cannot but weep for Joy; to think how happy I am in a sincere faithful and loving Yoke-fellow, she charg'd me too to tell you into the bargain, that she is sufficiently satisfied of the most secret wishes of your heart.

*Beau.* I am glad on't.

*Sir Da.* And that 'tis her desire, that you wou'd trouble your self no more about the matter.

*Beau.* With all my heart.

*Sir Da.* But henceforward behave your self with such discretion as becomes a Gentleman.

*Beau.* Oh to be sure most exactly!

*Sir Da.* And let her alone to make the best use of those innocent Freedoms I allow her without putting her reputation in hazzard.

*Beau.* As how I beseech you ——

*Sir Da.* By your impertinent and unseasonable address.

*Beau.* And this news you bring me by a particular commission from your sweet Lady.

*Sir Da.*

*Sir Dav.* Yea Friend I do, and ſhe hopes you'l be ſenſible, Dear heart, of her good meaning by it: theſe were her very words, I neither add nor diminiſh, for plain dealing is my Miſtreſſes Friend.

*Beau.* Then all the Curſes I ſhall think on this twelve-month light on her, and as many more on the next Fool that gives credit to the Sex.

*Sir Dav.* Well, certainly I am the happieſt Toad; how melancholy the Munkey ſtands now? Poor Pug haſt thou loſt her?

*Beau.* To be ſo fordid a Jilt, to betray me to ſuch a Beaſt as that, can ſhe have any good thoughts of ſuch a Swine? Dam her, had ſhe abus'd me handſomly it had never vext me.

*Sir Dav.* Now Sir with your permiſſion I'l take my leave.

*Beau.* Sir, If you were gon to the Devil, I ſhou'd think you very well diſpos'd of.

*Sir Dav.* If you have any Letter, or other commendation to the Lady that was ſo charm'd with your Reſemblance there, it ſhall be very faithfully conveyed by----

*Beau.* Fool.

*Sir Dav.* Your humble Servant Sir, I'm gon, I ſhall diſturb you no further, your moſt humble Servant Sir. [*Exit.*

*Beau.* Now Poverty, Plague, Pox and Priſon fall thick upon the head of thee *Fourbin.*

*Fourb.* Sir?----

*Beau.* Thou haſt been an extraordinary Rogue in thy time.

*Fourb.* I hope I haue loſt nothing in your Honours ſervice Sir.

*Beau.* Find out ſome way to revenge me on this old Raſcal, and if I do not make thee a Gentleman.----

*Fourb.* That you have been pleas'd to do long ago, I thank you; for I am ſure you have not left me one ſhilling in my pocket theſe two Months.

*Beau.* Here, here's for thee to Revel withall.

*Fourb.* Will your Honour pleaſe to have his Throat cut?

*Beau.* With all my heart.

*Fourb.* Or would you have him decently hang'd at his own door, and then give out to the World he did it himſelf?

*Beau.* That wou'd do very well.

*Fourb.* Or I think [to proceed with more ſafety] a good ſtale Jakes were a very pretty expedient.

*Beau.* Excellent, excellent *Fourbin.*

*Fourb.* Leave matters to my diſcretion, and if I do not—— *Exit.*

*Beau.* I know thou wilt, go, go about it, proſper and be famous: now e're I dare venture to meet *Courtin* again. will I go by my ſelf, rail for an hour or two, and then be good company. *Exit.*

*Enter* Courtine *and* Silvia.

*Silv.* Take my word Sir, you had better give this buſineſs over, I tell you there's nothing in the World turns my Stomack ſo much as the man, that man that makes Love to me. I never ſaw one of your Sex in my life make love, but he lookt ſo like an Aſs all the while, that I bluſht for him.

*Court.* I am afraid your Ladyſhip then is one of thoſe dangerous Creatures they call She-wits, who are always ſo mightily taken with admiring themſelves: that nothing elſe is worth their notice.

*Sylv.* Oh! who can be ſo dull not to be raviſht with that royſterous mein of yours? that ruffling Ayr in your gate, that ſeems to cry where e're you go, make room, here comes the Captain: that Face the which bids defiance to the Weather; bleſs us! if I were a poor Farmers wife in the Country now, and you wanted Quarters, how would it fright me? But as I am young, not very ugly, and one you never ſaw before, how lovingly it looks upon me.

*Court.* Who can forbear to ſigh, look pale and languiſh, where Beauty and wit unite both their forces to enſlave a heart ſo tractable as mine is. Firſt, for that modiſh ſwim of your Body, the victorious motion of your Arms and Head, the toſs of your Fan, the glancing of the Eyes, bleſs us! If I were a dainty fine dreſt Coxcomb with a great Eſtate and a little or no wit, vanity in abundance, and good for nothing, how would they melt and ſoften me? but as I am a ſcandalous honeſt Raſcal, not Fool enough to be your ſport, nor rich enough to be your prey, how glotingly they look upon me!---

*Silv.* Alas, alas! What pity 'tis your honeſty ſhould ever do you hurt, or your wit ſpoil your preferment.

*Court.* Juſt as much fair Lady, as that your Beauty ſhould make you be envied at, or your Vertue provoke ſcandal.

*Silv.* Well the more I look, the more I'm in love with you.

*Court.* The more I look, the more I am out of Love with you.

*Silv.* How my heart ſwels when I ſee you!

*Court.* How my Stomach riſes when I'm near you!

*Silv.* Nay, then let's bargain.

*Court.* With all my heart, what?

*Silv.* Not to fall in love with each other, I aſſure you Monſieur Captain.

*Court.* But to hate one another conſtantly and cordially.

*Silv.* Always when you are drunk, I deſire you to talk ſcandalouſly of me.

*Court.* Ay, and when I am ſober too, in return whereof when e're you ſee a coquet of your acquaintance, and I chance to be named, be ſure you ſpit at the filthy remembrance, and rail at me as if you lov'd me.

*Silv.*

*Silv.* In the next place, when e're we meet in the *Mall*, I deſire you to humph, put out your Tongue, make ugly mouths, laugh aloud, and look back at me.

*Court.* Which if I chance to do, be ſure at next turning to pick up ſome tawdry fluttering Fop or another.

*Silv.* That I made acquaintance with all at the Muſique-meeting.

*Court.* Right, Juſt ſuch another Spark to ſaunter by your ſide with his Hat under his Arm.

*Silv.* Hearkning to all the bitter things I can ſay to be revenged:

*Court.* Whilſt the dull Rogue dare not ſo much as grin to oblige you, for fear of being beaten for it, when he is out of his waiting.

*Silv.* Counterfeit your Letters from me.

*Court.* And you to be even with me for the ſcandal, publiſh to all the World I offered to marry you.

*Silv.* Oh hideous marriage!

*Court.* Horrid, horrid marriage!

*Silv.* Name, name no more of it.

*Court.* At that ſad word let's part.

*Silv.* Let's wiſh all men decrepid, dull and ſilly

*Court.* And every woman old and ugly.

*Silv.* Adieu! ———

*Court.* Farewell! ———

*Enter a young fellow, affectedly dreſt, ſeveral others with him.*

*Silv.* Ah me, Mr. *Friſk!*

*Friſk.* *Madamoiſel*, *Silvia!* ſincerely as I hope to be ſav'd, the Devil take me, Dam me Madam, who's that?

*Silv.* Ha, ha, ha, hea. [*Exit with Friſk.*

*Court.* True to thy failings always Woman, how naturally is the Sex fond of a Rogue! What a Monſter was that for a Woman to delight in, now muſt I love her ſtill, tho I know I am a Blockhead for't, and ſhe'l uſe me like a block-head too, if I don't prevent her: what's to be done? I'l have three Whores a day, to keep Love out of my head.

*Enter Beaugard.*

*Beaugard* well met again, how go matters? Handſomly!

*Beau.* Oh very handſomly! had you but ſeen how handſomly I was us'd juſt now, you would ſwear ſo, *I* have heard thee rail in my time, wou'd thou wouldſt exerciſe thy talent a little at preſent.

*Court.* At what?

*Beau.* Why canſt thou ever want a ſubject! rail at thy ſelf, rail at me, *I* deſerve to be raild at, ſee there, what thinkeſt thou of that Engine, that moving lump of filthineſs miſcall'd a Man.

[*A Clumſie fellow marches over the Stage dreſt like an Officer.*

*Court.* Curse on him for a Rogue, I know him.

*Beau.* So?

*Court.* The Rascal was a Retailer of Ale but yesterday, and now he is an Officer and be hang'd; 'tis a dainty sight in a morning to see him with his Toes turn'd in, drawing his Leggs after him, at the head of a hundred lusty Fellows, some honest Gentleman or other stays now, because that Dog had money to bribe some corrupt Collonel withal.

*Enter another gravely dress't.*

*Beau.* There, there's another of my acquaintance, he was my Fathers Footman not long since, and has pimpt for me oftner than he pray'd for himself; that good quality recommended him to a noble mans service, which together with flattering, fawning, lying, spying and informing, has rais'd him to an imployment of trust and reputation, though the Rogue can't write his name, nor read his neck Verse, if he had occasion.

*Court.* 'Tis as unreasonable to expect a man of Sense should be prefer'd, as 'tis to think a Hector can be stout, a Priest religious, a fair Woman chast, or a pardon'd Rebel loyal.

*Enter two more seeming earnestly in discourse.*

*Beau.* That's seasonably thought on, look there, observe but that Fellow on the right hand, the Rogue with the busiest Face of the two, I'l tell thee his History.

*Court.* I hope hanging will be the end of his History, so well I like him at the first sight.

*Beau.* He was born a Vagabond, and no Parish own'd him, his Father was as obscure as his Mother publick, every body knew her, and no body could guess at him.

*Court.* He comes of a very good Family, heaven be prais'd.

*Beau.* The first thing he chose to rise by, was Rebellion, so a Rebel he grew, and flourisht a Rebel, fought against his King, and helpt to bring him to the Block:

*Court.* And was he not Religious too?

*Beau.* Most devoutly! He could pray till he cry'd, and preach till he foam'd, which excellent Tallent made him popular, and at last prefer'd him to be a worthy Member of that never to be forgotten Rump Parliament.

*Court.* I pray Sir be uncovered at that, and remember it with Reverence.

*Beau.* In short, he was Committee man, Sequestrator and persecutor General of a whole County, by which he got enough at the Kings Return to secure himself in the general Pardon.

*Court.*

*Court.* Nauſeous Vermin: That ſuch a Swine with the mark of Rebellion in his Forehead, ſhould wallow in his Luxury whilſt honeſt men are ſorgotten!

*Beau.* Thus forgiven, thus rais'd, and made thus happy, the ungrateful Slave diſowns the hand that healed him, cheriſhes Factions to affront his Maſter, and once more would Rebel againſt the Head, which ſo lately ſaved his from a Pole.

*Court.* What a dreadful Beard and ſwinging Sword he wears?

*Beau.* 'Tis to keep his Cowardize in countenance, the Raſcal will endure kicking moſt temperately for all that, I know five or ſix more of the ſame ſtamp; that never came abroad without terrible long Spits by their ſides, with which they will let you bore their own Noſes if you pleaſe, but let the Villain be forgotten.

*Court.* His Co-Rogue I have ſome knowledge of, he's a tatter'd worm-eaten Caſe-putter, ſome call him Lawyer, one that takes it very ill he is not made a Judg.

*Beau.* Yes, and is always repineing that men of parts are not regarded.

*Court.* He has been a great noiſe-maker in factious Clubs theſe ſeven years, and now I ſuppoſe is courting that Worſhipful Raſcal to make him Recorder of ſome factious Town.

*Beau.* To teach Tallow-chandlers and Cheeſ-mongers how far they may rebel againſt their King by vertue of *Magna Charta*.

*Court.* But friend *Beaugard* methinks thou art very ſpleenatick of a ſudden, how goes the affair of Love foreward, proſperouſly hah!

*Beau.* Oh *I* aſſure you moſt Triumphantly, Juſt now you muſt know *I* am parted with the ſweet civil inchanted Ladies Husband.

*Court.* Well and what ſays the Cuckold is he very kind and good natur'd as Cuckolds uſe to be?

*Beau.* Why he ſays, *Courtine* in ſhort, that *I* am a very ſilly fellow, (and truly *I* am very apt to believe him) and that *I* have been jilted in this affair moſt unconſcionably, a Plague on all Pimps, ſay, a mans buſineſs never thrives ſo well, as when he is his own Sollicitor.

*Enter Sir Jolly and Boy.*

*Sir Jolly.* Hiſt. hiſt. Capt. Capt. Capt. Boy.

*Boy.* Sir.

*Sir Jolly.* Run and get two Chairs preſently, before you get two Chairs, Sirrah, do you here? here's luck, here's luck, now or never Capt. never if not now Captain! here's luck.

*Beau. Sir Jolly*, no more adventures ſweet *Sir Jolly*, *I* am like to have a very fine time on't truly.

*Sir Jolly* The beſt in the World dear Dog, the very beſt in the World,

World,'s bud ſhe's here hard by man,ſtays on purpoſe for thee finely diſguis'd, the Cuckold has loſt her too; and no body knows any thing of the matter but *I*, no body but *I*, and *I* you muſt know, *I* am *I*, hah! and *I* you little Toad, hah!

*Beau.* You are a very fine Gentleman.

*Sir Jolly.* The beſt natur'd Fellow in the World *I* believe of my years! now does my heart ſo thump for fear this buſineſs ſhould miſcarry; why *I*'l warrant thee, the Lady is here man, ſhe's all thy own, 'tis thy own fault if thou art not *in terra incognita* within this half hour: come along prithee come along, fie for ſhame, what make a Lady looſe her longing, come along I ſay, you——out upon't.

*Beau.* Sir your humble, *I* ſhan't ſtir.

*Sir Jolly.* What? not go!

*Beau.* No Sir, no Lady for me.

*Sir Jolly.* Not go! *I* ſhould laugh at that Faith.

*Beau.* No, *I* will aſſure you, not go Sir.

*Sir Jolly.* Away you Wag, you jeſt, you jeſt you wag; not go quotha?

*Beau.* No Sir, not go *I* tell you, what the Devil would you have more.

*Sir Jolly.* Nothing, nothing Sir, but I am a Gentleman.

*Beau.* With all my heart.

*Sir Jolly.* And do you think then that *I*'l be us'd thus.

*Beau.* Sir!

*Sir Jolly.* Take away my Reputation and take away my Life; *I* ſhall be diſgrac't for ever.

*Beau.* *I* have not wrong'd you *Sir Jolly.*

*Sir Jolly.* Not wrong'd me! But you ſhall find you have wrong'd me, and wrong'd a ſweet Lady, and a fine Lady:——*I* ſhall never be truſted again! never have employment more! *I* ſhall dye of the Spleen—— prithee now be good natur'd, prithee be perſwaded, od I'l give thee this Ring, I'l give thee this Watch, 'tis Gold, I'l give thee any thing in the World, go.

*Beau.* Not one Foot Sir.

*Sir Jolly.* Now that I durſt but murder him——well, ſhall I fetch her to thee? What ſhall I do for thee?

*Enter Lady Dunce.*

'Ods fiſh here ſhe comes her ſelf, now you ill natur'd Churl, now you Devil, look upon her, do but look upon her, what ſhall *I* ſay to her?

*Beau.* E'en what you pleaſe Sir *Jolly.*

*Sir Jolly.* 'tis a very ſtrange Monſter this——Madam this is the Gentleman, that's he, though (as one may ſay) he's ſomething baſhful, but *I*'l tell him who you are [*goes to Beaugard.*

If

If thou art not more cruel then *Leopards*, *Lyons*, *Tygers*, *Wolves*, or *Tarters* don't break my Heart, don't kill me, this unkindneſs of thine goes to the Soul of me. [*goes to the Lady.*

Madam, he ſays, he's ſo amazed at your Triumphant Beauty, that he dares not approach the excellence that ſhines from you.

*Lady D.* What can be the meaning of all this?

*Sir Jolly.* Art thou then reſolv'd to be remorſeleſs? canſt thou be inſenſible, haſt thou Eyes? haſt thou a Heart? haſt thou any thing thou ſhould'ſt have? odd I'l tickle thee, get you to her you Fool, get you to her, to her, to her, to her, ha, ha, ha.

*Lady D.* Have you forgot me *Beaugard*?

*Sir Jolly.* So now to her agen I ſay, to her, to her and be hang'd, Ah Rogue! Ah Rogue! now, now, have at her, now have at her, there it goes, their it goes, Hey —— Boys! ——

*Lady D.* Methinks this Face ſhould not ſo much be alter'd, as to be nothing like what once *I* thought it, the object of your Pleaſure and ſubject of your Praiſes.

*Sir Jolly.* Cunning Toad! Wheadling Jade! you ſhall ſee now how by degrees ſhe'l draw him into the Whirl pool of Love, now he leers upon her, now he leers upon her, Oh law! there's Eyes! there's your Eyes! I muſt pinch him by the Calf of the Legg.

*Beau.* Madam, *I* muſt confeſs *I* do remember, that *I* had once acquaintance with a Face, whoſe Air and Beauty much reſembled yours, and if *I* may truſt my Heart, you are call'd *Clarinda*.

*Lady D. Clarinda.* *I* was call'd till my ill Fortune Wedded me, now you may have heard of me by another Title, your friend there I ſuppoſe, has made nothing a ſecret to you.

*Beau.* And are you then that kind inchanted fair one who was ſo paſſionately in Love with my Picture, that you could not forbear betraying me to the Beaſt your Husband, and wrong the Paſſion of a Gentleman that languiſht for you, only to make your Monſter merry, hark you Madam, had your fool bin worth it, I had beaten him, and have a Months mind to be exerciſing my parts that way upon your go between, your Male-Bawd there.

*Sir Jolly.* Ah Lord! Ah Lord! All's ſpoyl'd agen, all's ruin'd. I ſhall be undone for ever, why what a Devil is the matter now? what have I done? what ſins have I committed.

*Lady D.* And are you that paſſionate Adorer of our Sex? who cannot Live a Week in *London* without Loving, are you the Spark that ſend your Picture up and down to longing Ladies, longing for a pattern of your Perſon.

*Beau.* Yes Madam when I receive ſo good Heſtages as theſe are [*ſhews the Gold.*

that it ſhall be well us'd, cou'd you find out no body but me to play the Fool withal.

*Sir*

*Sir Jolly.* Alack a day!

*Lady D.* Could you pitch upon no Body but that wretched Woman, that has loved you too well to abuse you thus?

*Sir Jolly.* Thatever I was Born!

*Beau.* Here, here Madam, I'l return you your dirt, I scorn your Wages, as I do your Service.

*Lady D.* Fye for shame what refund? That is not like a Souldier to refund, keep, keep it to pay your Sempstress withal.

*Sir Jolly.* His Sempstress, who the Devil is his Sempstress? Odd what wou'd I give to know that now!

*Lady D.* There was a Ring too, which I sent you this Afternoon, if that fit not your Finger, you may dispose of it some other way, where it may give no occasion of Scandal, and you'l do well.

*Beau.* A Ring Madam!

*Lady D.* A small trifle, I suppose Sir *David* deliver'd it to you when he return'd you your Mignature.

*Beau.* I beseech you Madam!

*Lady D.* Farewel you Traytor.

*Beau.* As I hope to be sav'd, and upon the word of a Gentleman.

*Lady D.* Go you are a false ungrateful Brute, and trouble me no more. [*Exit.*

*Beau. Sir Jolly, Sir Jolly, Sir Jolly.*

*Sir Jolly.* Ah thou Rebel!

*Beau.* Some advice, some advice, dear Friend e're I'm ruin'd.

*Sir Jolly.* Ev'n two pennyworth of Hemp for your Honours supper that's all the remedy that I know.

*Beau.* But prithee hear a little reason.

*Sir Jolly.* No Sir I ha' done, no more to be said, I ha' done, I am asham'd of you, I'l have no more to say to you, I'l never see your Face again, good b'w'y. [*Exit. Sir Jolly.*

*Beau.* Death and the Devil, what have my Stars been doing to day! a Ring! — deliver'd by Sir *David*! — what can that mean? — Pox on her for a Jilt, she lies, and has a mind to amuse and laugh at me a day or two longer, hist. here comes her Beast once more; I'l use him Civilly, and try what Discovery I can make.

[*Enter Sir Davy Dunce.*]

*Sir Da.* Ha, ha, ha! here's the Captains Jewel, very well: In troth I had like to have forgotten it, Ha, ha, ha, — how damnable Mad he'l be now, when I shall deliver him his Ring again, ha ha! — Poor Dog he'l hang himself at least, ha, ha, ha, — Faith, 'tis a very pretty Stone, and finely set: *Humph!* if I should keep it now! — I'll say I have lost it, no I'l give it him again, o' purpose to vex him, ha, ha, ha.

*Beau.*

*Beau.* Sir *David*, I am heartily ſorrie.

*Sir Da.* Oh Sir, 'tis you I was ſeeking for, ha, ha, ha, what ſhall I ſay to him now to terrifie him?

*Beau.* Me, Sir!———

*Sir Da.* Ay, you Sir, if your name be Captain *Beaugard*: how like a Fool he looks already?——

*Beaug.* What you pleaſe, Sir.

*Sir Da.* Sir, I ſhould ſpeak a word with you, if you think fit, what ſhall I do now to keep my countenance.

*Beau.* Can I be ſo happy, Sir, as to be able to ſerve you in any thing.

*Sir Da.* No Sir, ha, ha, ha, I have commands of ſervice to you Sir, oh Lord! ha, ha, ha.

*Beau.* Me, Sir.

*Sir Da.* Ay Sir, you Sir, but put on your hat, Friend, put on your hat, be cover'd.

*Beau.* Sir, will you pleaſe to ſit down on this bank?

*Sir Da.* No, no, there's no need, no need, for all I have a young Wife I can ſtand upon my legs, Sweet-heart.

*Beau.* Sir, I beſeech you!

*Sir Da.* By no means, I think friend, we had ſome hard words juſt now, 'twas about a paultry baggage, but ſhe's a pretty baggage and a witty baggage, and a baggage that———

*Beau.* Sir, I am heartily aſham'd of all miſdemeanour on my ſide.

*Sir Da.* You do well, though are not you a damn'd Whore-maſter, a deviliſh Cuckold-making fellow? here, here, do you ſee this? here's the Ring you ſent a Roguing; Sir, do you think my Wife wants any thing that you can help her too?—Why I'll warrant this Ring coſt fifty pound: What a prodigal Fellow are you to throw a way ſo much monie; or didſt thou ſteal it old Boy? I believe thou maiſt be poor I'll lend thee money upon't, if thou thinkſt fit at thirty in the hundred, becauſe I love thee, ha, ha, ha.

*Beau.* Sir, your humble Servant, I am ſorry 'twas not worth your Ladies acceptance, now what a dog am I!

*Sir Da.* I ſhould have given it thee before, but faith I forgot it, though it was not my Wives fault in the leaſt, for ſhe ſays as thou likeſt this uſage, ſhe hopes to have thy cuſtom again Child; ha, ha, ha.

*Beau.* Then Sir, I beſeech you tell her, that you have made a Convert on me, and that I am ſo ſenſible of my inſolent behaviour towards her———

*Sir Da.* Very well, I ſhall do it.

*Beau.* That 'tis impoſſible I ſhall ever be at peace with my ſelf till I find ſome way how I may make her reparation.

*Sir Da.* Very good, ha, ha, ha.

*Beau.* And that if ever ſhe find me guilty of the like offence again.

*Sir Da.* No Sir, you had not beſt, but proceed, ha, ha, ha.

*Beau.* Let her baniſh all good opinion of me for ever.

*Sir Da.* No more to be ſaid, your Servant, good b'w'y.

*Beau.* One word more, I beſeech you, Sir *Davy*.

*Sir Da.* What's that?

*Beau.* I beg you tell her that the generous reproof ſhe has given me has ſo wrought upon me———

*Sir Da.* Well, I will.

*Beau.* That I eſteem this Jewel, not only as a wreck redeem'd from my folly, but that for her ſake I will preſerve it to the utmoſt moment of my life.

*Sir Da.* With all my heart, I vow and ſwear.

*Beau.* And that I long to convince her I am not the Brute ſhe might miſtake me for.

*Sir Da.* Right; well, this will make the pureſt ſport, (*Aſide*;) let me ſee, firſt you acknowledge your ſelf to be a very impudent Fellow.

*Beau.* I do ſo, Sir.

*Sir Da.* And that you ſhall never be at reſt, till you have ſatisfi'd my Lady.

*Beau.* Right, Sir.

*Sir Da.* Satisfi'd her, very good, ha, ha, ha, and that you will never play the fool any more, be ſure you keep your word, Friend.

*Beau.* Never, Sir.

*Sir Da.* And that you will keep that Ring for her ſake, as long as you live, hah!——

*Beau.* To the day of my death, I'll aſſure you.

*Sir Da.* I proteſt that will be very kindly done——and that you long mightily, long, to let her underſtand that you are another gueſs Fellow than ſhe may take you for.

*Beau.* Exactly Sir, that is the ſum and end of my deſires.

*Sir Da.* Well, I'll take care of your buſineſs, I'll do your buſineſs, I'll warrant you, this will make the pureſt ſport when I come home, no, (*Aſide.*) Well your Servant, remember, be ſure you remember, your Servant.

*Beau.* So, now I find a Husband is a delicate inſtrument rightly made uſe of;——To make her old jealous Coxcomb pimp for me himſelf, I think 'tis as worthy an employment as ſuch a noble Conſort can be put to.

Ah were ye all ſuch Husbands and ſuch Wives,
We younger Brothers ſhou'd lead better lives.

ACT

# ACT. III.

## *SCENE Covent-Garden.*

*Enter* Sylvia, *and* Courtine.

*Sylv.* TO fall in love, and to fall in love with a Souldier! nay, a disbandded Souldier too, a fellow with the mark of *Cain* upon him, which every body knows him by, and is ready to throw ſtones at him for.

*Cour.* Dam her, I ſhall never enjoy her without raviſhing; if ſhe were but very rich and very ugly, I wou'd marry her: Ay, 'tis ſhe, I know her miſchievous look too well to be miſtaken in it,——Madam!——

*Sylv.* Sir.

*Cour.* 'Tis a very hard Caſe, that you have reſolv'd not to let me be quiet.

*Silv.* 'Tis very unreaſonably done of you, Sir, to haunt me up and down every where at this ſcandalous rate, the world will think we are acquainted ſhortly.

*Cour.* But, Madam, I ſhall fairly take more care of my Reputation, and from this time forward ſhun and avoid you moſt watchfully.

*Sylv.* Have you not haunted this place theſe two hours.

*Cour.* 'Twas becauſe I knew it to be your Ladyſhips home then, and therefore might reaſonably be the place you leaſt of all frequented, one would imagine you were gone a Coxcomb-hunting by this time, to ſome place of publick appearance or other, 'tis pretty near the hour, twill be twilight preſently, and then the Owles come all abroad.

*Sylv.* What need I take the trouble to go ſo far a fowling when there's game enough at our own doors.

*Cour.* What game for your Net, fair Ladie.

*Sylv.* Yes, or any womans Net elſe, that will ſpread it.

*Cour.* To ſhew you how deſpicablie I think of the buſineſs, I will here leave you preſently, though I loſe the pleaſure of railing at you.

*Sylv.* Do ſo I wou'd adviſe you; your raillery betrays your wit, as bad as your clumſey civility does your breeding.

*Cour.* Adieu!——

*Sylv.* Farewel!——

*Court.* Why do not you go about your buſineſs?

*Sylv.* Because I wou'd be sure to be rid of you first, that you might not dog me.

*Cour.* Were it but possible that you cou'd answer me one question truly, and then I should be satisfi'd.

*Sylv.* Any thing for composition to be rid of you handsomly.

*Cour.* Are you really very honest? Look in my Face and tell me that.

*Sylv.* Look in your Face and tell you, for what? To spoil my Stomach to my Supper.

*Cour.* No, but to get thee a Stomach to thy Bed, Sweet-heart, I would if possible be better acquainted with thee because thou art very ill-natur'd.

*Sylv.* Your only way to bring that business about effectually, is to be more troublesome, and if you think it worth your while to be abus'd substantially; you may make your personal appearance this Night.

*Cour.* How? where? and when? and what hour I beseech thee?

*Sylv.* Under the Window, between the hours of eleven and twelve exactly.

*Cour.* Where shall these lovely Eyes, and Ears hear my Plaints and see my Tears.

*Sylv.* At that kind hour thy griefs shall end if thou canst know thy Foe from thy Friend. [*Exit.* Syl.

*Cour.* Here's another trick of the Devil now, under that Window between the hours of eleven and twelve exactly, I am a damn'd Fool, and must go, let me see, suppose I meet with a lusty beating! pish, that's nothing for a man that's in love, or suppose she contrive some way to make a publick Coxcomb of me, and expose me to the scorn of the World, for an example to all amorous Block-heads hereafter? why, if she do, I'l swear I have lain with her, beat her Relations, if they pretend to Vindicate her, and so there's one love intrigue pretty well over. [*Exit* Cour.

*Enter Sir* David, *and* Vermin.

*Sir Da.* Go get you in to your Ladie now, and tell her, I am coming.

*Verm.* Her Ladiship, Right-worshipful is pleas'd not to be at home.

*Sir Da.* How's that? my Ladie not at home! run, run in and ask when she went forth, whether she is gone, and who is with her, run and ask, *Vermin.*

*Ver.* She went out in her Chair presently after you this After-noon.

*Sir Da.* Then I may be a Cuckold still for ought I know, what will be come of me? I have surely lost, and ne'r shall find her more, she promis'd me strictlie to stay at home, till I came back again; for ought I know she may be up three pair of stairs in the Temple now.

*Verm.* Is her Ladyship in Law then, Sir.

*Sir Da.*

*Sir Da.* Or it may be taking the Air as far as Knights-bridge with ſome ſmooth fac'd Rogue or another: 'tis a damn'd houſe, that Swan, that Swan at Knights-bridge is a confounded houſe, *Vermin.*

*Verm.* Do you think ſhe is there then?———

*Sir Da.* No, I do not think ſhe is there neither; but ſuch a thing may be, you know; would that *Barn-Elms* was under water too, there's a 1000 Cuckolds a Year made at *Barn-Elms*, by *Roſamonds* ponds, the devil if ſhe ſhou'd be there this evening, my heart's broke.

*Enter Sir* Jolly.

*Sir Jol.* That muſt be Sir *Davy*; Ay, that's he, that's he, ha, ha, ha, was ever the like heard of? was ever any thing ſo pleaſant?

*Sir Da.* I'll lock her up three daies, and three nights, without meat, drink or light, I'll humble her in the Devils name.

*Sir Jol.* Well, cou'd I but meet my Friend, Sir *Davy*, it wou'd be the joyfulleſt news for him———

*Sir Da.* Who's there that has any thing to ſay to me.

*Sir Jol.* Ah my Friend of Friends, ſuch news, ſuch tidings.

*Sir Da.* I have loſt my Wife Man.

*Sir Jol.* Loſt her! She's not dead I hope.

*Sir Da.* Yes, Alas, ſhe's dead, irrecoverably loſt.

*Sir Jol.* Why I parted with her within this half hour.

*Sir Da.* Did you ſo, are you ſure it was ſhe? where was it? I'll have my Lord-Chief-Juſtices Warrant and a Conſtable preſentlie.

*Sir Jol.* And ſhe made the pureſt ſport now, with a Young Fellow, Man, that ſhe met withall accidentally.

*Sir Da.* Oh Lord! that's worſe and worſe, a Young fellow!—— my Wife making ſport with a young fellow! oh Lord! here are doings! here are vagaries! I'll run mad, I'll climb Bow Steeple preſently, beſtride the Dragon, and preach Cuckoldom to the whole City.

*Sir Jol.* The beſt of all was too, that it happen'd to be an Idle Coxcomb that pretended to be in lover with her Neighbour.

*Sir Da.* Indeed! in love with her! who was it? what's his Name? I warrant you won't tell a Body,—— I'll indite him in the Crown Office; no I'll iſſue Warrants to apprehend him for Treaſon upon the Statue of *Edw.* 19*th.* won't you tell me what young Fellow it was, was it a very handſome young Fellow, hah———

*Sir Jol.* Handſome? yes hang him the fellow's handſome enough; he is not very handſom neither, but he has a deviliſh leering black eye.

*Sir Da.* Oh Lord?

*Sir Jol.* His face to is a good rideing Face, 'tis no ſoft effeminate complexion indeed, but his countenance is ruddy, ſanguine and chear-

ful

ſuſ, a deviliſh fellow in a Corner, I'll warrant him.

*Sir Da.* Bleſs us! what will become of me, why the devil did I marry a young Wife? Is he very well ſhap'd too, tall, ſtraight, and proportionable, hah? ——

*Sir Jol.* Tall? No, he's not very tall neither, yet he is tall enough too, he's none of your overgrown lubberly Flanders Jades, but more of the true *Engliſh* breed, well knit, able, and fit for ſervice old Boy; the Fellow is well ſhap'd truely, very well proportion'd, ſtrong, and active; I have ſeen the Rogue leap like a Buck.

*Sir Da.* Who can this be? Well, and what think you, Friend, has he been there? Come, come, I'm ſenſible ſhe's a young Woman, and I am an old Fellow, troth a very old Fellow, I ſignifie little or nothing now, but do you think he has prevailed? am I Cuckold, Neighbour.

*Sir Jol.* Cuckold! what! a Cuckold in *Covent-garden*? No I'll aſſure you, I believe her to be the moſt vertuous Woman in the World; but if you had but ſeen! ——

*Sir Da.* Ay, wou'd I had, what was it?

*Sir Jol.* How like a Rogue ſhe us'd him: Firſt of all comes me up the Spark to her, Madam, ſays he ——— and then he bows down, thus ——— how now, ſays ſhe, what would the impertient Fellow have.

*Sir Da.* Humph! ha! well, and what then?

*Sir Jol.* Madam, ſays he again (bowing as he did before) my heart is ſo entirely yours, that except you take pitie of my ſufferings I muſt here dy at your Feet.

*Sir Da.* So, and what ſaid ſhe again, Neighbour? ha!

*Sir Jol.* Go, you are a Fop.

*Sir Da.* Ha, ha, ha, did ſhe indeed? Did ſhe ſay ſo indeed? I am glad on't, troth I am very glad on't; well, and what next? And how, and well, and what? ha! ——

*Sir Jol.* Madam, ſays he, this won't do; I am your humble Servant, for all this, you may pretend to be as ill-natur'd as you pleaſe, but I ſhall make bold.

*Sir Da.* Was there ever ſuch an impudent Fellow?

*Sir Jol.* With that, Sirrah, ſays ſhe, you are a ſawſie Jackanapes and I'll have you kickt.

*Sir Da.* Ha, ha, ha! Well I won'd not be unmarri'd again to be an Angel.

*Sir Jol.* But the beſt jeaſt of all was, who this ſhould be at laſt.

*Sir Da.* Ay, who indeed! I'll warrant you ſome ſilly Fellow or other; poor Fool!

*Sir Jol.* E'en a ſcandalous Rake-hell, that lingers up and down the Town by the Name of Captain *Beaugard*, but he has been a bloody

Cuckold

Cuckold-making Scoundrel in his time.

*Sir Da.* Hang him Sot, is it he? I don't value him thus, not a wet finger Man, to my knowledge she hates him, she scorns him Neighbour, I know it, I am very well satisfi'd in the point, besides I have seen him since that, and out-hector'd him: I am to tell her from his own mouth, that he promises never to affront her more.

Sir *Jol.* Indeed. (*A Letter.*)

*Sir Da.* Ay, Ay.——

*Enter Lady Dunce, paying her Chairman.*

*Chairman.* God bless you, Madam, thank your Honour.

*Sir Jol.* Hush, hush, there's my Lady, I'll be gone, I'll not be seen, your humble Servant, God b'w'y.

*Sir Da.* No faith, Sir *Jolly*, e'en go into my house now, and stay Supper with me, we han't supt together a great while.

*Sir Jol.* Hah! say you so, I don't care if I do, faith withall my heart; this may give me an opportunity to set all things right again. [*Aside.*

*Sir Da.* My Dear!

*Lady D.* Sir!

*Sir Da.* You have been abroad, my Dear, I see!

*Lady D.* Only for a little Air, truly I was almost stifled within doors, I hope you will not be angry, Sir *David*, will you?

*Sir Da.* Angry Child! no Child, not I; what should I be angry for!

*Lady D.* I wonder Sir *David*, you will serve me at this rate. Did you not promise me to go in my behalf to *Beaugard* and correct him according to my instructions for his insolence.

*Sir Da.* So I did, Child; I have been with him, Sweet-heart, I have told him all to a tittle, I gave him back again the Picture too, but as the Devil would have it, I forgot the Ring, faith I did.

*Lady D.* Did you purpose, Sir *Sodom*, to render me ridiculous to the man I abominate, what scandalous interpretation think you must he make of my retaining any trifle of his sent me on so dishonourable terms.

*Sir Da.* Really, my Lamb, thou art in the right, yet I went back afterwards, Dear-heart, and did the business to some purpose.

*Lady D.* I am glad that you did with all my heart.

*Sir Da.* I gave him his lesson, I'll warrant him.

*Lady D.* Lesson! what lesson had you to give him?

*Sir Da.* Why I told him as he lik'd that usage he might come again ha, ha, ha.

*Lady D.*

*Lady D.* Ay, and ſo let him.

*Sir Da.* With all my heart, I'll give him free leave or hang me: though thou wou'd'ſt not imagine how the poor Devil's alter'd. La you there now, but as certainly as I ſtand here, that man is troubled that he ſwears he ſhall not reſt day nor night till he has ſatisfied thee; prithee be ſatisfi'd with him if 'tis poſſible, my Dear, prithee do, I promis'd him before I left him to tell thee as much, for the poor wretch looks ſo ſimply, I cou'd not chuſe but pity him I vow and ſwear, ha, ha, ha,.

*Jol.* Now, now, you little Witch, now you Chitsface, odd I cou'd find in my heart to put my little Finger in your Bubbies.

*Lady D.* Sir *Da.* I muſt tell you, that I cannot but reſent your ſo ſoon reconcilement with a man that I hate worſe then death, and that if you lov'd me with half that tenderneſs which you profeſs, you wou'd not forget an affront ſo palpably, and ſo baſely offer'd me.

*Sir Da.* Why Chicken where's the remedy? what's to be done? how would'ſt thou have me deal with him?

*Lady D.* Cut his throat.

*Sir Da.* Bleſs us for ever? cut his throat? what do murder?

*Lady D.* Murder, yes, any thing to ſuch an incorrigible Enemy of your honour, one that has reſolv'd to perſiſt in abuſing of you, ſee here this letter this I received ſince I laſt parted with you juſt now it was thrown into my Chair by an impudent Lacquey of his, kept o' purpoſe for ſuch imployments.

*Sir Da.* Let me ſee: A Letter indeed!—for the Lady *Dunce*—— damn'd Rogue, treacherous dog, what can he ſay in the inſide now, here's a Villain.

*Lady D.* Yes, you had beſt break it open, you had ſo, 'tis like the reſt of your diſcretion.

*Sir Da.* Lady, if I have an enemy it is beſt for me to know what miſchief he intends me, therefore, with your leave I will break it open.

*Lady D.* Do, do, to have him believe that I was pleas'd enough with it to do it my ſelf, if you have the Spirit of a Gentleman in you, cary it back, and daſh it as it is in the face of that audacious Fellow.

*Sir Jol.* What can be the meaning of this now?

*Sir Da.* A Gentleman, yes, Madam, I am a Gentleman, and the world ſhall find that I am a Gentleman——I have certainly the beſt Woman in the World.

*Lady D.* What do you think muſt be the end of all this? I have no refuge in the world, but your kindneſs, had I a Jealous Husband now, how miſerable muſt my life be!

*Sir Jol.* Ah Rogues Noſe ah Devil! ah Toad! cunning Thief, wheedling Slut, I'll bite her by and by.

*Sir Dav.* Poor Fool! no Dear, I am not Jealous, nor never will be

bolons of thee: Do what thou wilt thou shalt not make me Jealous, I love thee too well to suspect thee.

*Lady D.* Ah but how long will you do so?

*Sir Da.* How long! as long as I live I warrant thee, I——don't talk to a body so: I cannot hold out if thou dost, my eyes will run over, poor Fool, poor Birdsnies! poor Lambkin.

*Lady D.* But will you be so kind to me to answer my desires, will you once more endeavour to make that Traytor sensible that I have too just an esteem of you, not to vallue his addresses as they deserve.

Sir *Da.* Ay, Ay, I will.

*Lady D.* But don't stay away too long Dear, make what haste you can I shall be in pain till I see you again.

*Sir Da.* My hear, my Love, my Babby, I'll be with thee in a moment, how happy am I above the rest of men: Neighbour, dear Neighbour, walk in with my Wife, and keep her company, till I return again, Child don't be troubled, prithee don't be troubled, was there ever such a Wife, well da, da, da, don't be troubled, prithee, don't be troubled, prithee don't be troubled, Da, da, [*Exit.*

*Lady D.* Sir *Jolly*, Sir *Jolly*, Sir *Jolly*.

*Sir Jol.* Don't be troubled, prithee don't be trouled, da, da.

*Lady Du.* But Sir *Jolly*, can you guess whereabout my wand'ring Officer may be probably found now?

*Sir Jol.* Found Ladie? he is to be found, Madam, he is to be at my house presently Ladie, he's certainly one of the finest Fellows in the World.

*Lady D.* You speak like a Friend, Sir *Jolly*.

*Sir Jol.* His Friend, Lady; no Madam his Foe, his utter Enemy, I shall be his ruin, I shall undo him.

*Lady D.* You may, if you please, then come both and play at Dards this evening with me for an hour or two, for I have contriv'd it so that Sir *David* is to be abroad at Supper to night, he cannot possibly avoid it; I long to win some of the Captains Money strangely.

*Sir Jol.* Do you so, my Gamester? Well, I'll besure to bring him, and for what he carries about him I'll warrant you——odd he's a pretty Fellow, a very pretty Fellow, he has only one fault.

*Lady D.* And what is that I beseech you Sir?

*Sir Jol.* Only too Loving, too good Natur'd, that's all; 'tis certainly the best natur'd Fool breathing, that's all his fault.

*Lady D.* Hist, hist, I think I see company coming, if you please, Sir *Jolly* we'll go in.

*Enter* Beaugard *follow'd by Sir* Davy, Vermin.

*Sir Jol.* Mum, mum, mum, 'tis he himself the very same; odds so

Sir *Davy* after him too, huſh, huſh, huſh, let us be gone, let us retire, do but look upon him now, mind him a little, there's a shape, there's an Air, there's a motion! Ah Rogue, ah Devil, get you in, get you in, I ſay there's a ſhape for you. [*Exit.*

*Beau.* What the Divel ſhall I do to recover this days loſs again, my honourable Pimp too, my Pander Knight has forſaken me, methinks I am quandari'd like one going with a party to diſcover the Enemies Camp; but had loſt his guide upon the mountains: Curſe on him, old *Angus* is here agen, there can be no good Fortune towards me when he's at my heels.

*Sir Da.* Sir, Sir, Sir, one word with you Sir! Captain, Captain, noble Captain, one word, I beſeech you.

*Beau.* With me Friend?

*Sir Da.* Yes with you, my no Friend.

*Beau.* Sir *David* my intimate my Boſom Phyſitian——

*Sir Da.* Ah Rogue! damn'd Rogue!

*Beau.* My Confeſſor, my deareſt Friend, I ever had——

*Sir Da.* Dainty Wheadle, here's a Fellow for ye.

*Beau.* One that has taught me to be in love with Vertue and ſhown me the ugly inſide of my Follies.

*Sir Da.* Sir, your humble Servant.

*Beau.* Is that all? if you are as cold in your Love as you are in your Friendſhip, Sir *Davy*, your Lady has the worſt time o'nt of any one in Chriſtendom.

*Sir Da.* So ſhe has, Sir, when ſhe cannot be free from the inſolent ſolicitations of ſuch Fellows as you are, Sir.

*Beau.* As me, Sir? why who am *I*, good Sir Domine Doddle-pate?

*Sir Da.* So take notice he threatens me, I'll have him bound to the peace inſtantly, will you never have remorſe of Conſcience Friend? have you baniſht all ſhame from your Soul? Do you conſider my name is Sir *Davy Dunce*? that I have the moſt vertuous Wife living: Do you conſider that? Now, how like a Rogue he looks again; what a hang-dog leer was that?

*Beau.* Your vertuous Wife, Sir, you are always harping upon that ſtring, Sir *Davy*.

*Sir Da.* No 'tis you wou'd be harping upon that ſtring, Sir, ſee you this? caſt your eyes upon this, this Letter Sir, did not you promiſe this very day, to abandon all manner of proceedings of this Nature tending to the diſhonour of me and my Family?

*Beau.* Letter, Sir? what the divel does he mean now? Let me ſee, For the Lady *Dunce*, this is no ſcrawl of mine, I'll be Sworn by *Jove* her own hand! What a Dog was *I*! forty to one but *I* had play'd the Fool, and ſpoil'd all again; was there ever ſo Charming a Creature breathing——did your Lady deliver this to your hands Sir.

*Sir Da.* Ev'n her own ſelf in perſon, Sir, and bad me tell you Sir, that

that she has too just an esteem of me Sir, not to vallue such a Fellow as you are as you deserve.

*Beau.* Very good: *(Reads the Letter)* I doubt not but this Letter will surprize you——(in troth, and so it does extreamly) but reflect upon the manner of conveighing it to your hand as kindly as you can.

*Sir Da.* Ay a damn'd Thief to have it thrown into the Chair by a Footman.

*Beau.* *(Reads)* Would Sir *Davy* were but half so kind to you as *I* am.

*Sir Da.* Say you so you insinuating Knave. *(Sir* Jolly *Reads.*

*Beau.* But he *I* am satisfi'd is so severely Jealous, that except you contrive some way to let me see you this evening: *I* fear all will be hopeless.

*Sir Da.* Impudent Traytor *I* might have been a Monster yet before *I* had got my Supper in my Belly.

*Beau.* In order to which either appear your self, or some body for you, half an hour hence in the *Piazza*, where more may be considered of, adieu.

*Sir Da.* Thanks to you noble Sir, with all my heart, you are come *I* see accordingly, but as a Friend *I* am bound in Conscience to tell the business won't do, the trick won't pass Friend, you may put up your Pipes, and march off: Oh Lord! he lye with my Wife, Pughhh he make Sir *Davy Dunce* a Cuckold, poor wretch, ha, ha, ha.

*Sir Jol.* Hist, hist, hist.

*Enter Lady* Dunce, *and* Fourbin disguis'd.

*Lady D.* That's he, there he is! succeed and be rewarded.

*Four.* Other people may think what they please; but in my own opinion, *I* am a very pretty Fellow now, if my design but succeed upon this old Baboon, I'll be canoniz'd Sir, Sir, Sir.

*Sir Da.* Friend! with me? Wou'd you speak with me, Friend.

*Fourb.* Sir, my commands were to attend your Worship.

*Sir Jol. Beaugard, Beaugard,* hist, hist, here here, quickly hist.

*Sir Da.* Where do you live, Sweet-heart, and who do you belong too?

*Fourb.* Sir *I* am a small Instrument of the City, *I* serve the Lord Mayor in his Office there.

*Sir Da.* How the Lord Mayor!

*Four.* Yes, Sir, who desires you by all means to do him the Honour of your company at supper this evening.

*Sir Da.* It will be the greatest honour *I* ever received in my Life, what my Lord Mayor Invite me to supper? *I* am his Lordships most humble servant.

*Four.* Yes, Sir, if your name be Sir *Davy Dunce*, as I have the honour to be inform'd it is, he desires you moreover to make what haste you can, for that he has some matters of importance to communicate to your honour which may take up some time.

*Lady D.* I hope it will succeed.

*Sir Da.* Communicate with me, he does me too noble a favour, I fly upon the wings of Ambition to lay my self at his Footstool; My Lord-Mayor sends himself to invite me to Supper, to confer with me too: I shall certainly be a great Man.

*Fourb.* What Answer will your Worship charge me back withal?

*Sir Da.* Let his Lordship know that I am amazed, and confounded, at his generosity, and that I am so transported with the honour he does me, that I will not fail to wait on him in the roasting of an Egg.

*Fourb.* I am your Worships lowly Slave.

*Sir Da.* Vermin, go get the Coach ready, get me the Gold Medal too and Chain which I took from the *Roman* Catholik Officer for a Popish Relick; I'l be fine, I'l shine and drink Wine that's Divine, My Lord-Mayor invite me to Supper!

*Lady D.* My Dearest, I'm glad to see thee return'd in safety from the bottom of my heart, hast thou seen the Traitor?

*Sir. Da.* Seen him? hang him, I have seen him, Pox on him, seen him.

*Lady D.* Well, and what is become of him! Where is he?

*Sir Da.* Why dost thou ask me where he is? what a Pox care I what becomes of him, prithee don't trouble me with thy impertinence, I am busie.

*Lady D.* You are not Angry, my Dear, are you?

*Sir Da.* No, but I am pleas'd, and that's all one, very much pleas'd let me tell you, but that I am only to Sup with my Lord-Mayor, that's all, nothing else in the World, only the business of the Nation calls upon me, that's all, therefore once more I say don't be troublesome, but stand off.

*Lady D.* You always think my company troublesome, you never stay at home to comfort me, what think you I shall do alone by my self all this Evening? moping in my Chamber, pray my Joy stay with me for once; I hope he won't take me at my word. [*Aside.*

*Sir Da.* I say again and again, Tempter stand off, I will not lose my preferment for my pleasure, Honour is towards me, and flesh and blood are my Aversion.

*Lady Da.* But how long will you stay then?

*Sir Da.* I don't know, may be not an hour, may be all night, as his Lordship and I think fit, what's that to any body.

*Lady D.* You are very cruel to me.

*Sir Da.* I can't help it, go get you in and pass away the time with your Neighbour, I'l be back again before I die, in the mean time be humble and conformable, go: is the Coach ready?

*Verm.* Yes Sir.

*Sir Da.* Well, your Servant, what nothing to my Lady Mayoress! you have a great deal of Breeding indeed, a great deal, nothing to my Lady Mayoress?

*Lady D.*

*Lady D.* My ſervice to her, if you pleaſe.

*Sir D.* Well, Da, da, the poor fool cries o' my conſcience! Adieu, do you hear, farewell. [*Exit.*

*Lady D.* As well as what I love can make me.

*Enter* Sir Jolly.

*Sir Jol.* Madam, is he gone.

*Lady D.* In poſt haſte I aſſure.

*Sir Jol.* In troth and joy go with him.

*Lady D.* Do you then, *Sir Jolly*, conduct the Captain hither, whilſt I go and diſpoſe of the Family that we may be private. [*Ex.*

*Enter* Sir Davy.

*Sir Da.* Troth I had forgot my Medal and Chain, quite and clean, forgot my Relique, I was forced to come up theſe back ſtairs, for fear of meeting my Wife again, it is the troubleſom'ſt loving Fool, I muſt into my Cloſet and write a ſhort Letter too, 'tis Poſt night, I had forgot that; well, I would not have my Wife catch me for a Guinny. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Beaugard *and* Lady D.

*Beau.* Are you very certain, Madam, no body is this way? I fancy as we enter'd I ſaw the glimpſe of ſomething more than ordinary.

*Lady D.* Is it your care of me? or your perſonal fears, that make you ſo ſuſpitious, whereabouts was the Apparition?

*Beau.* There, there, juſt at the very door.

*Lady D.* Fie for ſhame, that's *Sir Davy*'s Cloſet, and he I am ſatisfi'd is far enough off by this time, I'm ſure I heard the Coach drive him away. But to convince you, you ſhall ſee now; *Sir Davy, Sir Davy, Sir Davy,* [*knocking at the Cloſet door*] look you there, you a Captain and afraid of a ſhadow, come Sir, ſhall we call for the Cards?

*Beau.* And what ſhall we play for pretty One!

*Lady D.* Ee'n what you think beſt, Sir.

*Beau.* Silver Kiſſes or Golden Joyes! come let us make Stakes a little.

*Enter* Sir Jolly.

*Sir Jolly.* Ah Rogue, ah Rogue! are you there? have I caught you in Faith now, now, now!

*Lady D.*

*Lady D.* And who ſhall keep them?

*Beau.* You, till *Sir Davy* returns from Supper.

*Lady D.* That may be long enough, for our Engine *Fourbin* has Orders not to give him over ſuddenly I aſſure you.

*Beau.* And is't to your ſelf then I'm oblig'd for this bleſt opportunity? Let us improve it to Love's beſt advantage.

*Sir Jolly.* Ah, h, h, h! Ah, h, h, h!

*Beau,* Let's vow eternal, and raiſe our thoughts, to expectation of immortal pleaſures, in one anothers eyes let's read our joyes till we've no longer power o're our deſires, drunk with this diſſolving, oh! ——

*Enter* Sir Davy *from his Cloſet.*

*Lady D.* Ah! [*Squeaks.*

*Beau.* By this light the Cuckold, *Preſto.* nay then Hallo.

[*Gets up and runs away.*

*Sir Da.* Oh Lord, a Man! a Man in my Wife's Chamber; Murder, Murder, Thieves, Thieves, ſhut up my Doors! Madam! Madam! Madam!

*Enter* Sir Jolly.

*Sir Jol.* Ay, Ay, Theives, Thieves, urder, Murder, where Neighbour, where, where?

*Lady D.* Pierce, pierce this wretched Heart hard to the Hilts, dye this in deepeſt crimſon of my Blood, ſpare not a miſerable Womans life, whom Heav'n deſign'd to be the unhappy object of the moſt horrid uſage Man e'r acted. } *Catches up* Beaugard's *ſword which he had left behind him in the hurry, and preſents it to* Sir Davy.

*Sir Da.* What in the name of Satan does ſhe mean now?

*Lady D.* Curſe on my fatal beauty! blaſted ever be theſe two baneful eyes, that could inſpire a barbarous Villain to attempt ſuch crimes as all my blood's too little to attone for: Nay, you ſhall hear me.——

*Sir Da.* Hear you, Madam? No, I have ſeen too much I thank you heartily, hear you Quotha! ——

*Lady D.* Yes, and before I die too I'll be juſtifi'd.

*Sir Jol.* Juſtifi'd, oh Lord, juſtifi'd! ——

*Lady D.* Notice being given me of your return, I came with ſpeed to this unhappy place, where I have oft been bleſt with your Embraces, when from behind the Arras out ſtarts *Beangard*; how he came there heav'n knows.

*Sir Da.* I'll have him hang'd for Burglary, he has broken my Houſe, and broke the Peace upon my Wife, very good!

*Lady D.*

*Lady* D. Straight in his Arms he graſpt me faſt, with much ado I, plung'd and got my freedom, ran to your Cloſet door, knockt and implor'd your aid, call'd on your name, but all in vain ——

*Sir Da.* Hah!

*Lady D.* Soon again he ſeiz'd me, ſtopt my mouth, and with a Conquerors fury—

*Sir. Da.* Oh Lord! oh Lord! no more, no more, I beſeech thee, I ſhall grow mad, I will grow mad, and very mad, I'l plough up Rocks and Adamantine Iron bars, I'l crack the frame of nature, ſally out like *Tamberlain* upon the *Trojan* Horſe, and drive the Pigmies all like Geeſe before me; Oh Lord ſtop her mouth! well! and how? and what then? ſtopt thy mouth! well! hah!

*Lady* D. No, though unfortunate I ſtill am innocent, his curſed purpoſe could not be accompliſht, but who will live ſo injur'd? No I'l die to be reveng'd on my ſelf, I ne'r can hope that I may ſee his ſtreaming gore? and thus I let out my own —— } *Offers to run upon the ſword.*

*Sir Da.* Ha! what wouldſt thou do my love, prithy don't break my heart,? If thou wilt kill, kill me; I know thou art innocent, I ſee thou art; though I had rather be a Cuckold a thouſand times than looſe thee, poor Love, poor Dearee, poor Baby.

*Sir Jol.* Alack a day—— [*Weeps.*

*Lady* D. Ah me! ——

*Sir Da.* Ah, prithee be comforted now, prithee do, why I'l love thee the better for this, for all this Mun, why ſhouldſt be troubled for anothers ill doings! I know it was no fault of thine.

*Sir Jol.* No, no more it was not I dare ſwear.

*Sir Da.* See, ſee, my Neighbour weeps too, he's troubled to ſee thee thus.

*Lady* D. Oh, but revenge!

*Sir Da.* Why thou ſhalt have revenge, I'l have him murderd, I'l have his throat cut before to morrow morning Child, riſe now, prithee riſe.

*Sir Jol.* Ay do Madam, and ſmile upon Sir *Davy*.

*Lady* D. But will you love me then as well as e're you did?

*Sir Da.* Ay, and the longeſt day I live too.

*Lady* D. And ſhall I have Juſtice done me on that prodigious Monſter?

*Sir Da.* Why, he ſhall be Crows meat by to morrow night, I tell thee he ſhall be Crows meat by midnight Chicken.

*Lady.* D. Then I will live, ſince ſo 'tis ſomething pleaſant.
When I in Peace may lead a happy Life,
With ſuch a Husband ——

*Sir Da.* I with ſuch a Wife.

ACT.

# ACT. IV.

## SCENE *The Tavern.*

*Enter* Beaugard, Courtine *and* Drawer.

*Draw.* WElcome Gentlemen, very welcome Sir: will you pleaſe to walk up one pair of ſtairs.

*Beau.* Get the great Room ready preſently, carry up too a good ſtock of Bottles before-hand, with Ice to cool our Wine, and Water to refreſh our Glaſſes.

*Draw.* It ſhall be done Sir; Coming, coming there, Coming: ſpeak up in the Dolphin ſome-body.

*Beau.* Ah *Courtine*, muſt we be always idle? muſt we never ſee our glorious days again? when ſhall we be rowling in the Lands of Milk and Honey, incampt in large luxuriant Vineyards, where the loaded Vines Cluſter about our Tents, drink the rich Juice, juſt preſt from the plump Grape, feeding on all the fragrant golden Fruit that grow in fertile Climes, and ripen'd by the earlieſt vigour of the Sun.

*Court.* Ah *Beaugard*! thoſe days have been, but now we muſt reſolve to content our ſelves at an humble rate: methinks it is not unpleaſant to conſider how I have ſeen thee in a large Pavilion, drowning the heat of the day in *Campane* Wines, ſparkling ſweet as thoſe charming Beauties, whoſe dear remembrance every glaſs recorded, with half a dozen honeſt Fellows more, Friends *Beaugard*, faithful hearty Friends, things as hard to meet with as preferment here: Fellows that would ſpeak truth boldly, and were proud on't, that ſcorn'd flattery, love'd honeſty; for 'twas their portion, and never yet learn'd the Trade of eaſe and lying, but now.——

*Beau.* Ay, now we are at home in our natural Hives, and ſleep like Drones; but there's a Gentleman on the other ſide the Water, that may make work for us all one day.

*Cour.* But in the mean while——

*Beau.* In the mean while patience, *Courtine*, that is the *Engliſh* mans Vertue: Go to the man that ows you money, and tell him your are neceſſitated, his anſwer ſhall be, a little patience I beſeech you, Sir: Ask a Cowardly Raſcal ſatisfaction for a ſordid injury done you, he ſhall cry, alas a day, Sir, you are the ſtrangeſt Man living, you won't have patience to hear one ſpeak: Con[illegible] to a great Man that you want preferment, that you have forſaken conſiderable advantages abroad, in obedience to publick [illegible] all you ſhall get of him is this, you muſt have patience, Sir.

*Court.* But will patience feed me, or cloath me, or keep me clean?

*Beau.*

*Beau.* Prithee no more hints of Poverty: 'tis ſcandalous, 's Death I wou'd as ſoon chuſe to hear a Souldier brag as complain, doſt thou want any Money?

*Court.* True indeed I want no neceſſaries to keep me alive; but I do not enjoy my ſelf with that freedom I wou'd do, there is no more pleaſure in living at ſtint, then there is in living alone. I wou'd have it in my power (when he needed me) to ſerve and aſſiſt my Friend, I would to my Ability deal handſomely too by the VVoman that pleaſed me.

*Beau.* Oh fy for ſhame! you wou'd be a VVhoremaſter, Friend, go, go, I'l have no more to do with you.

*Court.* I wou'd not be forced neither at any time to avoid a Gentleman that had obliged me, for want of Money to pay him a debt contracted in our old acquaintance, it turns my Stomach to wheadle with the Rogue I ſcorn when he uſes me Scurvily, becauſe he has my Name in his Shop-Book.

*Beau.* As for example, to indure the familiaritys of a Rogue, that ſhall cock his greaſy Hat in my Face, when he duns me, and at the ſame time vail it to an overgrown Deputy of the VVard, though a frowzy Fellmonger.

*Court.* To be forced to concurr with his Non-ſence too, and laugh at his Pariſh Jeſts.

*Beau.* To uſe reſpects and ceremonies to the Milch-Cow his Wife, and praiſe her pretty Children, though they ſtink of their Mother, and are uglier than the iſſue of a Baboon, yet all this muſt be endured.

*Court.* Muſt it *Beaugard.*

*Beau.* And ſince 'tis ſo let's think of a Bottle.

*Court.* With all my Heart, for rayling and drinking do much better together then by themſelves; a private room, a truſty Friend or two, good Wine and bold Truths, are my happineſs; but where's our dear Friend and intimate, *Sir Jolly*, this Evening.

*Beau.* To deal like a friend *Courtine*, I parted with him but juſt now, he's gone to contrive me a meeting if poſſible this night with the Woman my Soul is moſt fond of: I was this Evening juſt entering upon the Pallace of all Joy, when I met with ſo damnably a diſappointment --- in ſhort, that Plague to all Well meaning Women, the Husband came unſeaſonably and forc't a poor Lover to his Heels that was fairly making his progreſs another way *Courtine*, the Story thou ſhalt here more at large hereafter.

*Court.* A Plague on him, why didſt thou not Murder the preſumptious Cuckold? ſaucy intruding Clown? to dare to diſturb a Gentleman's privacies, I would have beaten him into Sence of his trangreſſion; injoy'd his Wife before his Face, and a taught the Dog his Duty.

*Beau.* Look you *Courtine*, you think you are dealing with the Landlord of your Winter Quarters in *Alſatia* now? friend, friend,

there is a difference between a freeborn English Cuckold, and a sneaking Wittal of a Conquered Province.

*Court.* Oh by all means! there ought to be a difference observed between your arbitrary Whoring and your limited Fornication.

*Beau.* And but reason: for though we may make bold with another mans Wife in a friendly way: yet nothing upon compulsion Dearheart.

*Court.* And now *Sir Jolly*, I hope is to be the instrument of some immortal Plot, some contrivance for the good of thy body, and the old fellows soul *Beaugard*, for all Cuckolds go to Heaven, that's most certain.

*Beau. Sir Jolly!* Why on my Conscience he thinks it as much his undoubted Right to be Pimp Master-General to *London* and *Middlesex*, as the Estate he possesses is, by my consent his worship should e'en have a Pattent for it.

*Court.* He is certainly the fittest for the imployment in Christendome; he knows more Families by their Names and Titles, than all the Bellmen within and without the walls.

*Beau.* Nay he keeps a Catalogue of the choicest Beauties about Town, illustrated with a particular account of their Age, Shape, proportion, colour of Hair and Eyes, degrees of Complexion, Gunpowder Spots and Moles.

*Court.* I wish the old Pander were bound to satisfy my experience; what marks of good nature my *Sylvia* has about her.

*Sir Jolly.* My Captains! my Sons of *Mars*, and Imps of *Venus!* well encountred, what shall we have a sparkling Bottle or two, and use *Fortune* like a Jade? *Beaugard* you are a Rogue, you are a Dog, I hate you, get you gon, go.

*Beau.* But *Sir Jolly*, what news from *Paradise Sir Jolly?* Is there any hopes I shall come there too Night!

*Sir Jolly.* May be there is, may be there is not; I say let us have a Bottle, and I will say nothing else without a Bottle, after a Glass or two my Heart may open.

*Court.* VVhy then we will have a Bottle *Sir Jolly.*

*Sir Jolly.* VVill? we'l have dozens and drink till we'r wise, and speak well of no body, till we are lewder than midnight-whores, and out-rail disbanded Officers.

*Beau.* Only one thing more my noble Knight, and then we are entirely at thy disposal.

*Sir Jolly.* Well and what's that? what's the business?

*Beau.* This Friend of mine here stands in need of thy Assistance, he's damnably in Love *Sir Jolly.*

*Sir Jolly.* In Love is he so! in Love! 'ods my Life! is she! what's her Name? where does she live? I warrant you I know her, she's in my Table-Book I'l warrant you: Virgin, Wife, or Widdow!

[*pulls out a Table-Book.* *Court.*

*Court.* In troth *Sir Jolly*, that's ſomething a difficult queſtion, but as Virgins go now, ſhe may paſs for one of them.

*Sir Jolly.* Virgin very good: let me ſee; Virgin: Virgin, Virgin, oh here are the Virgins, truly I meet with the feweſt of this ſort of any, well and the firſt Letter of her Name now! for a wager I gueſs her.

*Court.* Then you muſt know *Sir Jolly*, that I love my Love with an *S.*

*Sir Jolly.* S. S. S. Oh here are the Eſſes, let me conſider now—— *Sappho.*

*Court.* No ſir.

*Sir Jolly. Selinda.*

*Court.* Neither.

*Sir Jolly. Sophronia.*

*Court.* You muſt gueſs again I aſſure you.

*Sir Jolly. Silvia.*

*Court.* Ay, Ay, Sir *Jolly*, that's the fatal Name, *Silvia* the fair, the witty, the ill-natured, do you know her my Friend?

*Sir Jolly.* Know her? Why ſhe is my Daughter, and I have adopted her theſe ſeven years: *Silvia*, let me look; Light Brown Hair, her Face Oval and Roman, quick ſparkling Eyes, plump pregnant Ruby Lips, with a Mole on her Breaſt, and the perfect likeneſs of a Heart-Cherry on her left Knee; Ah Villain! Ah ſly Cap! have I caught you; are you there i'faith? well and what ſays ſhe? is ſhe coming? do her Eyes betray her? does her Heart beat, and her Bubbies riſe, when you talk to her, hah? ——

*Beau.* Look you Sir *Jolly*, all things conſidered, it may make a ſhift to come to a Marriage in time. ——

*Sir Jolly.* I'l have nothing to do in it, I won't be ſeen in the buſineſs of Matrimony; make me a Match-maker? a filthy Marriage Broker, Sir I ſcorn, I know better things; look you Friend, to carry her a Letter from you or ſo, upon good Terms, though it be in a Church I'l deliver it, or when the buſineſs is come to an iſſue, if I may bring you handſomely together, and ſo forth, I'l ſerve thee with all my Soul; and thank thee into the bargain: thank thee heartily dear Rogue, I will you little Cock-ſparrow, faith and troth I will; but no Matrimony Friend, I'l have nothing to do with Matrimony; 'tis a damn'd invention worſe than a Monopoly, and a deſtroyer of civil correſpondence.

*Enter Drawer.*

*Drawer.* Gentlemen your room is ready, your Wine and Fruit upon the Table, will your Honours pleaſe to walk in?

*Sir Jolly.* Ay wine, wine, give us wine, a pox on Matrimony, Matrimony in the Devils name.

*Court.* But if an honeſt Harlot or two chance to enquire for us Friend.

*Sir Jolly.* Right Sirrah, if Whores come never ſo many, give 'em reverence, and reception, but nothing elſe, let nothing but Whores and Bottles come near us, as you tender your Ears.

[*they go within the Scene where is diſcover'd Table and Bottles.*

*Beau.* Why there's, there's the land of *Canaan* now in little, hark you, Drawer, Dog, ſhut, ſhut the Door Syrrah, do you hear, ſhut it ſo cloſe, that neither cares, nor neceſſitys may peep in upon us.

[*Enter Sir Davy, Fourbin and Bloody Bones, Drawer.*]

*Fourbin. Bloody-bones* be you ſure to behave your ſelf handſomely and like your profeſſion, ſhew your ſelf a Cut-Throat of parts, and wee'l fleece him.

*Blood.* My Lady ſays, We muſt be expeditious, *Sir Jolly* has giv'n notice to the Capt. by this time, ſo that nothing is wanting but the management of this over-grown Gull to make us Hectors at large, and keep the Whore Fortune under.

*Drawer.* Welcome Gentlemen, very welcome Sir, wil't pleaſe you to walk into a Room? or ſhall I wait upon your Honours pleaſure here.

*Sir Da.* Sweet heart let us be private, and bring us Wine hither, ſo—

[*ſits down.*

From this moment, War, War; and mortal dudgeon againſt that enemy of my Honour, and Theif of my good Name called *Beaugard.* you can cut a Throat upon occaſion you ſay Freind.

*Fourbin.* Sir cutting of Throats is my Hereditary vocation, my Father was hang'd for cutting of Throats before me, and my Mother for cutting of Purſes.

*Sir Da.* No more to be ſaid, my Courage is mounted like a little *French*-man upon a great Horſe; and I'l have him murder'd.

*Fourbin.* Sir, Murder'd you ſay Sir?

*Sir Da.* Ay Murder'd I ſay Sir, his Face flay'd off, and nayl'd to a poſt in my great Hall in the Countrey, amongſt all the other Trophies of wild Beaſts ſlain by our Family ſince the Conqueſt: there's never a Whore-Maſters head there yet.

*Fourbin.* Sir for that let me recommend this worthy Friend of mine to your Service, he's an induſtrious Gentleman and one that will deſerve your Favour.

*Sir Da.* He looks but ſomthing ruggedly though methinks.

*Fourbin.* But Sir his Parts will attone for his Perſon: forms and faſhions are the leaſt of his ſtudy: he affects a ſort of Philoſophical negligence indeed, but Sir make trial of him, and you'l find him a Perſon fit for the work of this World.

*Sir Da.* What trade are you Freind?

*Blood.* No trade at all Freind, I profeſs Murder: Raſcally Butchers make a trade on't, tis a Gentlemans Divertiſement.

*Sir Da.* Do you profeſs Murder.

*Blood.* Yes Sir, 'tis my Livelyhood: I keep a Wife and ſix Children by it.

*Sir Da.* Then Sir here's to you withal my Heart; wou'd I had done with theſe Fellows.

*Fourb.* Well Sir if you have any Service for us, I deſire we may receive your Gold and your inſtructions ſo ſoon as is poſſible.

*Sir Da.* Soft and fair Sweetheart, I love to ſee a little how I lay out my Money: have you very good trading now a days in your way Freind?

*Blood.* In peaceable times a man may eat and drink comfortably upon't, a private Murder done handſomely is worth Money: but now that the Nation's unſettled there are ſo many general undertakers: that 'tis grown almoſt a Monopoly, you may have a man Murder'd almoſt for little or nothing and no Body e'r know who did it neither.

*Sir Da.* Pray what Country man are you? where were you born moſt Noble Sir?

*Blood.* Indeed my Country is Forreign, I was Born in *Argier*; my Mother was an Apoſtate *Greek*, my Father a Renegado *Engliſh* Man, who by oppreſſing of Chriſtian Slaves grew Rich; for which when he lay ſick, *I* Murder'd him one day in his Bed: made my eſcape to *Maltha*, where imbracing the Faith I had the Honour given me to command a thouſand Horſe aboard the Gallies of that State.

*Sir Da.* Oh Lord Sir! my humble Service to you again.

*Fourbin.* He tells you Sir but the naked Truth.

*Sir Jolly.* I doubt it not in the leaſt moſt worthy Sir: theſe are deviliſh fellows *I*'l warrant 'em. [*Aſide.*

*Fourb.* War Friend, and ſhining Honour has bin our Province, till ruſty peace reduced us to this baſe obſcurity, Ah *Bloody Bones!* Ah when thou and *I* commanded that party at the Seige of *Philipsburgh!* where in the Face of the Army wee took the impenetrable half Moon.

*Blood.* Half Moon Sir! by your Favour 'twas a whole Moon.

*Fourbin.* Brother thou art in the right, 'twas a full Moon, and ſuch a Moon Sir! ——

*Sir Da.* *I* doubt it not in the leaſt Gentlemen, but in the meanwhile to our buſineſs.

*Fourbin.*

*Fourbin.* With all my Heart ſo ſoon as you pleaſe.

*Sir Da.* Do you know this *Beaugard*, he's a devilish fellow I can tell you but that, he's a Captain.

*Fourbin.* Has he a Heart think you Sir?

*Sir Da.* Oh like a Lion! he fears neither God, Man, nor Devil.

*Blood.* I'l bring it you for your Breakfaſt to Morrow, did you never eat a Mans Heart Sir?

*Sir Da.* Eat a Mans Heart Friend!

*Fourb.* Ah, Ay, a Mans Heart Sir, it makes abſolutely the beſt Raggouſt in the World. I have eaten forty of 'em in my time without Bread.

*Sir Dav.* Oh Lord! a Mans Heart! my humble ſervice to you Both Gentlemen.

*Blood.* Why your Algerine Pirates eat nothing elſe at ſea, they have them always potted up like Veniſon, your well-grown Dutchmans Heart makes an excellent Diſh with Oyl and Pepper.

*Sir Dav.* Oh Lord! oh Lord! Friend, Friend, a word with you: how much muſt you and your Companion have to do this buſineſs?

*Fourb.* What and bring you the Heart home to your houſe?

*Sir Dav.* No, no, keeping the Heart for your own eating, I'l be rid of 'em as ſoon as poſſible I can.

*Fourb.* You ſay Sir he's a Gentleman? ——

*Sir Dav.* Ay ſuch a ſort of Gentleman as are about this Town: the Fellow has a pretty handſome outſide, but I believe little or no money in his Pockets.

*Fourb.* Therefore we are like to have the honour to receive the more from your Worſhips bounty.

*Blood.* For my part I care for no mans bounty: I expect to have my bargain perform'ed, and I'l make as good a one as I can.

*Sir Dav.* Look you Friend,: don't you be angry Friend, don't be angry Friend before you have occaſion: you ſay you'l have —— let's ſee how much will you have now — I warrant the Devil and all by your good will.

*Fourb.* Truely *Sir David* if as you ſay, the Man muſt be well murder'd without any remorſe or mercy, betwixt Turk and Jew it is honeſtly worth two hundred pounds.

*Sir Dav.* Two hundred pounds! Why I'l have a Phyſitian ſhall kill a whole Family for half the money.

*Blood.* Damme Sir, how do yemean?

*Sir Dav.* Damme Sir how do I mean? Damme Sir not to part with my mony.

*Blood.* Not part Brother!

*Fourb.* Brother the Wight is improveable, and this muſt not be born withal.

*Blood.*

*Blood.* Have I for this diſſolu'd Circean Charms? broke Iron durance: whilſt from theſe firm Legs the well fil'd uſeleſs Fetters dropt away, and left me Maſter of my native freedom.

*Sir Dav.* What, what does he mean now?

*Fourb.* Truely Sir I am ſorry to ſee it with all my heart, 'tis a diſtraction that frequently ſeizes him, though I am ſorry it ſhould happen ſo unluckily at this time.

*Sir Dav.* Diſtracted ſay you! is he ſo apt to be diſtracted?

*Fourb.* Oh Sir rageing mad: we that live by Murder are all ſo: Guilt will never let us ſleep. I beſeech you Sir ſtand clear of him, he's apt to be very miſchievous at theſe unfortunate hours.

*Blood.* Have I been drunk with tender Infants blood? and ript up teeming Wombs? Have theſe bold hands ranſackt the Temples of the Gods, and ſtab'd the Prieſts before their Altars? Have I done this? hah!

*Sir Dav.* No Sir, not that I know Sir, I would not ſay any ſuch thing for all the World Sir, worthy Gentleman, I beſeech you Sir, you ſeem to be a civil perſon: I beſeech you Sir to mitigate his paſſion, I'l do any thing in the World, you ſhall command my whole Eſtate.

*Fourb.* Nay after all Sir, if you have not a mind to have him quite murder'd, if a ſwinging drubbing to bed-rid him or, ſo, will ſerve your turn, you may have it at a cheaper rate a great deal.

*Sir Dav.* Truly Sir, with all my heart, for methinks now I conſider matters better, I would not by any means be guilty of another mans blood.

*Fourb.* Why then let me conſider —— to have him beaten ſubſtantially, a beating that will ſtick by him, will coſt you —— half the money.

Sir *Dav.* What one hundred pounds? Sure the Devil's in you, or you would not be ſo unconſcionable.

*Blood.* The Devil! where? where is the Devil? ſhew me; I'l tell thee *Belzebub* thou haſt broke thy Covenant, didſt thou not promiſe me eternal plenty, when I reſign'd my Soul to thy allurements?

*Sir Dav.* Ah Lord!

*Blood.* Touch me not yet: I've yet ten thouſand Murders to Act before I'm thine: with all thoſe ſins I'l come with full damnation to thy Caverns of endleſs pain and houl with thee for ever.

*Sir Dav.* Bleſs us! what will become of this mortal Body of mine? Where am I? Is this a houſe? do I live? am I Fleſh and Blood?

*Blood.* There, there's the Feind again! don't chatter ſo, and grin at me, if thou muſt needs have prey, take here, take him, this Tempter that would bribe me with ſhining Gold, to ſtain my hands with new iniquity.

Sir

*Sir Dav.* Stand off I charge thee Satan, wherefoe'r thou art, thou hast no right nor claim to me, I'l have thee bound in Necromantick Charms. Hearke you Friend, has the Gentleman given his Soul to the Devil?

*Fourb.* Only pawn'd it a little: that's all.

*Sir Dav.* Let me beseech you Sir to dispatch, and get rid of him as soon as you can. I would gladly drink a Bottle with you Sir, but I hate the Devils Company mortally; as for the hundred pound here, here it is ready; no more words, I'l submit to your good nature and discretion.

*Fourb.* Then Wretch take this and make thy peace with the infernal King, he loves Riches, sacrifice and be at rest.

*Bloud.* 'Tis done: I'l follow thee, lead on, nay if thou smile, I more defy thee; Eee, Fa, Fum. *Exit.*

*Fourb.* 'Tis very odd this.

*Sir Dav.* Very odd indeed I'm glad he's gone though.

*Fourb.* Now Sir, if you please we'l refresh our selves with a chearful glass, and so *Chaque un chez lui* — I would fain make the Gull drunk a little to put a little mettle into him.

*Sir Dav.* With all my heart Sir, but no more words of the Devil, if you love me.

*Fourb.* The Devil's an Ass Sir, and here's a Health to all those that defy the Devil

*Sir Dav.* With all my heart, and all his works too.

*Fourb.* Nay Sir, you must do me right I assure you.

*Sir Dav.* Not so full, not so full, that's too much of all Conscience: in troth Friend these are sad times, very sad times; but here's to you.

*Fourb.* Pox o' the times, the times are well enough so long as a man has money in his Pocket.

*Sir Dav.* 'Tis true, here I have been bargaining with you about a Murder, but never consider that Idolatry is coming in full speed upon the Nation, pray what Religion are you of Friend?

*Fourb.* What Religion am I of sir? Sir your humble Servant.

*Sir Dav.* Truly a good Conscience is a great happiness; and so I'l pledg you, hemph, hemph, but shan't the Dog be Murdered this Night.

*Fourb.* My Brother Rogue is gon by this time to set him, and the business shall be done effectually I'l warrrant you, here's rest his soul.

*Sir Dav.* With all my Heart faith, I hate to be uncharitable.

*Enter*

*Enter* Courtine, *and Drawer.*

*Cour.* Look you 'tis a very impudent thing not to be drunk by this time, ſhall Rogues ſtay in Taverns to ſip Pints, and be Sober, when honeſt Gentlemen are drunk by Gallons, I'll have none on't.

*Sir Da.* Oh Lord, whoſe's there? [*Sit up in his Chair.*

*Drawer.* I beſeech your Honour, our houſe will be utterly ruin'd by this means.

*Cour.* Damne your houſe, your Wife and Children, and all your Family, you Dog!

*Beau.* Sir, who are you. [*To Sir* David.

*Sir Da.* Who am I Sir? what's that to you, Sir? will you tickle my Foot you Rouge!

*Cour.* I'll tickle your Guts you Paultroon preſently.

*Sir Da.* Tickle my guts you Mad-Cap, I'll tickle your Toby if you do.

*Cour.* What with that circumſis'd Band? That grave hypocrytical Beard of the reformation Cut? Old Fellow, I believe your a Rogue.

*Sir Da.* Sirrah you are a Whore, an errant Bitch-Whore, I'll uſe you like a Whore, I'll kiſs you, you Jade, I'll Raviſh you, you Buttuck, I am a Juſtice of the Peace, Sirrah, and that's worſe.

*Court* Dam you, Sir, I care not if you were a Conſtable and all his Watch; what, ſuch a Rogue as you ſend honeſt Fellows to priſon, and countenance Whores in your Jurisdiction for bribery, you Mongrel, I'll beat you, Sirrah, I'll brain you, I'll murder you, you Moon-Calf. [*Throws the Chairs after him.*

*Sir Da.* Sir, Sir, Sir, Conſtable, Watch, ſtokes, ſtokes, ſtokes, murder—— [*Ex.*

*Cour.* Huzza, *Beaugard!* [*Enter* Beaugard, *Sir* Jolly.

*Four.* Well, Sir, the buſineſs is done, we have bargain'd to Murder you.

*Beau.* Murder'd! whoſe to be murder'd? ha, *Fourbin*!

*Sir Jol.* You are to be murder'd, Friend, you ſhall be murder'd, Friend.

*Beau.* But how am I to be murder'd? Who's to murder me, I beſeech you?

*Four.* Your humble Servant, *Fourbin*, I am the man with your worſhips leave, Sir *David*, has given me this gold to do it handſomely.

*Beau.* Sir *David*! uncharitable Cur, what Murder an honeſt Fellow for being Civil to his Family? What can this mean Gentlemen?

*Sir Jol.* No 'tis for not being Civil to his Family, that it means Gentleman, therefore are you to be murder'd to Night, and buried a-Bed with my Lady, you Jack Straw, you.

*Beau.* I understand you Friends, the old Gentleman has design'd to have me butcher'd and you have kindly contriv'd to turn it to my advantage in the affair of Love, I am to be murder'd but as it were Gentlemen, hah!

*Four.* Your Honour has a piercing Judgment: Sir, Captain *Courtines* gone.

*Beau.* No matter let him go, he has a design to put in practice this Night too, and would perhaps but spoil ours; but when, Sir *Jolly*, is this business to be brought about.

*Sir Jol.* Presently, 'tis more then time 'twere done already, go, get you gone I say; hold, hold, let's see your left Ear first, hum—ha——you are a Rogue, y'are a Rogue, get you gone, get you gone, go. [*Exeunt.*

*SCENE changes to* Covent-Garden *Piazza.*

*Enter* Sylvia *and Maid in the Balcony.*

*Maid.* But why Madam, will you use him so inhumanly? I'm confident he loves you.

*Sylv.* Oh! a true Lover is to be found out like a true Saint, by the Trial of his patience; have you the Cords ready.

*Maid.* Here they are, Madam.

*Sylv.* Let 'em down, and be sure when it comes to Trial, to pull lustily; is *Will.* the Footman ready.

*Will.* At your Ladiships command, Madam.

*Sylv.* I wonder he should stay so long, the Clock has struck twelve.

*Enter* Courtine.

*Court. Sings.*

*And was she not frank and free,*
*And was she not kind to me,*
*To lock up her Cat in her Cupboard,*
*And give her key to me, to me:*
*To lock up her Cat in her Cupboard,*
*And give her key to me.*

*Sylv.* This must be he: Ay 'tis he, and as I am a Virgin roaring drunk; but if I find not a way to make him sober——

*Court.* Here, here's the Window: Ay, that's Hell-door, and my damnation's in the inside: *Sylvia, Sylvia, Sylvia:* Dear Imp of Satan appear to thy Servant.

*Sylv.* Who calls on *Sylvia* in this dead of night, when rest is wanting to her longing eyes.

*Court.* 'Tis a poor wretch can hardly stand upright drunk with thy Love, and if he falls he lies.

*Sylv.*

*Sylv. Courtine*, is't you?

*Court.* Yes, Sweet-Heart 'tis I, art thou ready for me?

*Sylv.* Fasten your self to that Cord there; there, there it is.

*Court.* Cord! where? Oh, oh, here, here, so now to Heav'n in a string.

*Sylv.* Have you done.

*Court.* Yes, I have done Child, and wou'd fain be doing too Hully.

*Sylv.* Then pull away, hoa up, hoa up, hoa up, so avaft there, Sir.

*Court.* Madam.

*Sylv.* Are you very much in Love, Sir?

*Court.* Oh damnably Child, damnably.

*Sylv.* I'm sorry for't with all my heart, good Night Captain.

*Court.* Ha gone, what left in *Erasmus* Paradice between Heav'n and Hell? If the Constable should take me now for a straggling Monkey hung by the Loins, and hunt me with his cry of Watchmen! Ah Woman, Woman, Woman, well a merry Life, and a short, that's all.

*Sings.* *God prosper long our Noble King,*
*Our Loves and Safeties all.*

I am mighty loyal to Night.

*Enter* Fourbin, *and Bloody-bones as from Sir* Davids *House.*

*Fourb.* Murder, Murder, Murder! help, help, Murder.

*Court.* Nay, if there be murder stirring, 'tis high time to shift for my self. [*Climbs up to the Balcony.*

*Sylv. (Squeaking,)* A h h h h!

*Blood.* Yonder, yonder he comes murder, murder, murder.

[*Ex.* Blood, *and* Fourbin.

*Enter Sir* David.

*Sir Da.* 'Tis very Late; but Murder is a melancholly business, and Night is fit for't, I'll go home. [*Knocks.*

*Vetm.* Who's there?

*Sir Da.* Whose there? open the door you Whelp of Babylon.

*Vetm.* Oh Sir, y'are Welcome home; but here is the saddest news! here has been murder committed, Sir.

*Sir Da.* Hold your Tongue you Fool, and go to sleep, get you in do you hear, you talk of Murder you Rogue? you meddle with State-Affairs? Get you in.

*The Scene opens the middle of the House and discovers* Sir Jolly *and the Lady putting* Beaugard *in order as if he were dead.*

*Sir Jol.* Ly ſtill, ly ſtill you Knave, cloſe, cloſe when I bid you, you had beſt queſt, and ſpoil the ſport, you had!

*Beau.* But pray how long muſt I lye thus?

*Lady D.* I'll warrant you, you'll think the time mighty tedious.

*Beau.* Sweet Creature, who can counterfeit Death when you are near him?

*Sir Jol.* You ſhall Sirrah, if a body deſires you a little, ſo you ſhall, we ſhall ſpoil all elſe, all will be ſpoil'd elſe Man, if you do not: Stretch out longer, longer yet, as long as ever you can, ſo ſo, hold your breath, hold your breath, very well. [*Enter Maid.*

*Mai.* Madam, here comes Sir *David.*

*Sir Jol.* Odds ſo, now cloſe again as I told you, cloſe you Divel, now ſtir if you dare; ſtir but any part about you if you dare now; odd I hit you ſuch a rap if you do, lye ſtill, lye you ſtill.

[*Enter* Sir David.

*Sir Da.* My Dear, how doſt thou do, my Dear? I am come.

*Lady D.* Ah Sir! what is't y'ave done? Y'ave ruin'd me, your Family, your Fortune, all is ruin'd, where ſhall we go, or whither ſhall we flye?

*Sir Da.* Where ſhall we go, why we'll go to bed you little Jackadandy, why you are not a Wench you Rogue, you are a Boy, a very Boy, and I love you the better for't, Sirrah hei!——

*Lady D.* Ah Sir, ſee there.

*Sir Da.* Bleſs us, a man! and bloody! what upon my Hall Table!

*Lady D.* Two Ruffians brought him in juſt now pronouncing the inhumane deed, was done by your command, Sir *Jolly* came in the diſtracting Minute, or ſure I had dy'd with my diſtracting Fears, how could you think on a revenge ſo horrid?

*Sir Da.* As I hope to be ſav'd Neighbour I only bargain'd with 'em to Baſtinado him in a way, or ſo, as one Friend might do another, but do you ſay that he is dead?

*Sir Jol.* Dead, dead as Clay; ſtark ſtiff and uſeleſs all, nothing about him ſtirring, but all's cold and ſtill, I knew him a luſty Fellow once, a very metteled Fellow, 'tis a thouſand pitties.

*Sir Da.* What ſhall I do? I'll throw my ſelf upon him, kiſs his wide wounds and weep till blind as Buzzard.

*Lady D.* Oh come not near him, there's ſuch horrid Antipathy follows all murders, his wounds would ſtream afreſh ſhou'd you but touch him.

*Sir Da.* Dear Neighbour, Deareſt Neighbour, Friend, *Sir Jolly* as you love Charity pity my wretched Caſe, and give me Counſell,

I'll

I'l give my Wife and all my Eſtate to have him live again, or ſhall I bury him in the Arbour at the upper end of the Garden.

*Sir Jol.* Alas a day Neighbour, never think on't, never think on't, the dogs will find him there, as they ſcrape holes to bury bones in, there is but one way that I know of.

*Sir Da.* What is it dear Neighbour, what is it? you ſee I am upon my knees to you, take all I have and eaſe me of my fears.

*Sir Jol.* Truly the beſt thing that I can think of, is putting of him to bed, putting him into a warm bed, and try to fetch him to life again, a warm bed is the beſt thing in the World, my Lady may do much too, ſhe's a good Woman, and as Iv'e been told, underſtands a green wound well.

*Sir Da.* My dear, my dear, my dear!

*Lady D.* Bear me away, oh ſend me hence far off, where my unhappy name may be a ſtranger; and this ſad accident no more remember'd to my diſhonour.

*Sir Da.* Ah but my Love! my Joy! are there no bowels in thee.

*Lady D.* What would you have me do?

*Sir Da.* Prithee do ſo much as try thy skill, there may be one drachm of life left in him yet, take him up to thy Chamber, put him into thy own bed, and try what thou canſt do with him; prithee do, if thou canſt but find motion in him, all may be well yet, I'l go up to my Cloſet in the Garret, and ſay my prayers in the mean while.

*Lady D.* Will ye then leave this ruine on my hands.

*Sir Da.* Pray, pray my Dear, I beſeech you Neighbour help to perſwade her if it be poſſible.

*Sir Jol.* Faith Madam do, try what you can do, I have a great fanſie you may do him good: who can tell but you may have the gift of ſtroaking; pray Madam be perſwaded.

*Lady D.* I'l do what e'r's your pleaſure.

*Sir Da.* That's my beſt Dear: I'l go to my Cloſet and pray for thee heartily, Alas, alas, that ever this ſhould happen——— *Exit.*

*Beaug.* So, is he gone, Madam my Angel!

*Sir Jol.* What no thanks, no reward for old *Jolly* now? Come hither Huſſie, you little *Canary*-bird, you little Hop o' my thumb come hither: make me a Court'ſie, and give me a kiſs now, hah! give me a kiſs I ſay, odd I will have a kiſs, ſo I will, I will have a kiſs if I ſet on't; ſhoogh, ſhoogh, ſhoogh, get you into a corner when I bid you, ſhoogh, ſhoogh, ſhoogh, what there already?

[*She goes to* Beaugard.

Well, I ha' done, I ha' done, this 'tis to be an old Fellow now.

*Beau.* And will you ſave the life of him y'ave wounded?

*Lady D.* Dare you truſt your ſelf to my skill for a cure?

[Sir *Davy appears at a Window above.*

*Sir Jol.*

*Sir Jol.* Hiſt: hiſt! cloſe, cloſe, I ly again, yonder's *Sir Davy*, odds ſo!

*Sir Da.* My dear, my dear! my dear! ——

*Lady D.* Whoſe that calls? my Love, is't you.

*Sir Da.* Ah ſome comfort, or my heart's broke: is there any hopes yet? I've try'd to ſay my Prayers and cannot: if he be quite dead, I ſhall never pray again; Neighbour, no hopes?

*Sir Jol.* Truly little or none, ſome ſmall pulſe I think there is left, very little, there's nothing to be done if you don't pray, get you to prayers, what ever you do, get you gone, nay don't ſtay now, ſhut the Window I tell you.

*Sir Da.* Well this is a great trouble to me, but good night.

*Sir Jol.* Good night to you dear Neighbour. Get ye up [*to* Beaugard *and Lady* D.] get ye up and be gone into the next room, preſently, make haſte: but don't ſteal away till I come to you, be ſure ye remember, don't ye ſtir till I come; Piſh, none of this bowing and fooling, it but loſes time, I'l only bolt the door that belongs to Sir *Davy*'s Lodgings, that he may be ſafe, and be with you in a twinkle, Ah, h, h, h! ſo now for the door, very well, Friend you are faſt. [*Bolts the door.*

*Sings.* *Bonney Laſs gan thou wert mine,*
*And twenty thouſand poonds aboot thee, &c.*

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# ACT. V.

Courtine *bound on a Couch in* Sylvia's *Chamber.*

*Cour.* HEigho! heigho! ha! where am I? was I drunk or no laſt night? ſomething leaning that way. But where the Devil am I? ſincerely in a Bawdy-Houſe: Fogh! what a ſmell of ſin is here! let me look about; if there be ever a *Geneva* Bible or a Practice of Piety in the room. I am ſure I have gueſt right, what's the matter now! ty'd faſt! bound too! what tricks have I play'd to come into this condition! I have lighted into the Territories of ſome merrily diſpos'd Chamber-maid or other, and ſhe in a witty fit forſooth hath truſt me up thus, has ſhe pinn'd no rags to my tail, or chalkt me upon the back trow? would I had her Miſtreſs here at a venture:

*Sylv.* What would you do with her my enchanted Knight if you had her, you are too ſober for her by this time, next time you get drunk you may perhaps venture to ſcale her Balcany like a valiant Captain as you are.

*Cour.*

*Cour.* Hast thou done this my dear destruction? and am I in thy limbo? I must confess when I am in my Beer, my Courage does run away with me now and then: but let me loose and thou shalt see what a gentle humble Animal thou hast made me. Fie upon't, what tie me up like an ungovernable curr to the frame of a table, let, let thy poor dog loose that he may fawn and make much of thee a little.

*Sylv.* What with those Paws which you have been ferreting *Moorfields* withal, and are very dirty still? after you have been daggling your self abroad for prey, and can meet with none, you come sneaking hither for a cruss, do you?

*Maid.* Shall I fetch the Whip and the Bell, Madam? and slash him for his roguery soundly?

*Cour.* Indeed, indeed! do you long to be forking of man's flesh, Madam Flea-trap? does the Chaplain of the Family use you to the exercise, that you are so ready for it?

*Sylv.* If you should be let loose and taken into favour now; you would be for rambling again so soon as you had got your liberty?

*Cour.* Do but try me, and if ever I prove recreant more, let me be beaten and us'd like a dog in good earnest.

*Sylv.* Promise to grant me but one request, and it shall be done.

*Cour.* Hear me but Swear.

*Sylv.* That any body may do ten thousand times a day.

*Cour.* Upon the word of a Gentleman, nay as I hope to get Mony in my Pocket.

*Sylv.* There I believe him I'le, you'l keep your Word you say.

*Cour.* If I don't, hang me up in that Wenches old Garters.

*Sylv.* See Sir, you have your freedom.

*Cour.* Well now name the price; what must I pay for't?

*Sylv.* You know Sir, considering our small acquaintance, you have been pleased to talk to me very freely of love matters.

*Cour.* I must confess, I have been something to blame that way, but if ever thou hearest more of it from my mouth after this nights adventure, would I were well out of the House!

*Sylv.* Have a care of Swearing, I beseech you, for you must understand, that spight of my teeth, I am at last fallen in love most unmercifully.

*Cour.* And dost thou imagine I am so hard-hearted a Villain as to have no compassion of thee.

*Sylv.* No, for I hope he's a man you can have no exceptions against.

*Cour.* Yes, yes, the man is a man, I'l assure you, that's one comfort.

*Sylv.* Who do you think it may be now? try if you can guess him.

*Cour.* Whoever he is, he's an honest fellow I'l warrant him, and I believe will not think himself very unhappy neither.

*Sylv.* If a Fortune of 5000 pounds, pleasant nights, and quiet days can make him happy, I assure you he may be so, but try once to guess at him.

*Cour.* But if I should be mistaken.

*Sylv.* Why who is it you would wish me to?

*Cour.* You have 5000 pound you say?

*Sylv.* Yes.

*Cour.* Faith Child to deal honestly I know well enough who tis I wish for, but Sweet-heart, before I tell you my inclinations, it were but reasonable that I knew yours.

*Sylv.* Well Sir, because I am confident you will stand my friend in the business, I'l make a discovery, and to hold you in suspence no longer, you must know I have a months-mind to an Arm full of your dearly beloved friend and brother Captain, what say you to't?

*Cour.* Madam your humble Servant, good buy, that's all.

*Sylv.* What thus cruelly leave a Lady that so kindly took you in in your last nights pickle into her Lodging, whither would you rove now, my Wanderer?

*Cour.* Faith Madam, you have dealt so gallantly in trusting me with your passion, that I cannot stay here without telling you, that I am three times as much in love with an acquaintance of yours, as you can be with any friend of mine.

*Sylv.* Not with my waiting Woman I hope, Sir.

*Cour.* No, but it is with a certain Kinswoman of thine Child, they call her my Lady *Dunce*, and I think this is her House too, they say she will be civil upon a good occasion, therefore prithee be charitable, and shew me the way to her Chamber a little.

*Sylv.* What, commit Adultery Captain, fie upon't! What hazard your soul!

*Cour.* No, no, only venture my body a little, that's all; look you, you know the secret, and may imagine my desires, therefore as you would have me assist your inclinations, pray be civil and help me to mine, look you, no demurring upon the matter, no qualms, but shew me the way, or you Hussie, you shall do't, any Bawd will serve at present, for I will go.

*Sylv.* But you shan't go, Sir.

*Cour.* Shan't go, Lady?

*Sylv.* No, shan't go, Sir; did I not tell you when once you had got your liberty, that you would be rambling again.

*Cour.* Why Child, would'st thou be so uncharitable to tie up a poor Jade to an empty Rack in thy Stable, when he knows where to go elsewhere and get Provender enough.

*Sylv.*

*Sylv.* Any musty Provender, I find, will serve your turn, so you have it but cheap, or at another mans charges.

*Cour.* No Child, I had rather my Ox should graze in a Field of my own, than live hide-bound upon the Common, or run the hazzard of being Pounded every day for Trespasses.

*Sylv.* Truly all things consider'd, 'tis great pity so good a Husband-man as you should want a Farm to cultivate.

*Cour.* Would't thou be but kind, and let me have a Bargain in a Tenement of thine, to try how it would agree with me.

*Sylv.* And would you be contented to take a Lease for your Life.

*Cour.* So pretty a Lady of the Mannour and a moderate Rent.

*Sylv.* Which you'l be sure to pay very punctually.

*Cour.* If thou doubtest my honesty, faith e'en take a little earnest before-hand.

*Sylv.* Not so hasty neither, good Tenant; *Imprimis*, You shall oblige your self to a constant residence, and not by leaving the House uninhabited, let it run to repair.

*Cour.* Agreed.

*Sylv. Item*, For your own sake you shall promise to keep the Estate well tenc't, and enclos'd least sometime or other your Neighbours Cattle break in and spoil the crop on the Ground Friend.

*Cour.* Very just and reasonable, provided I don't find it lie too much to Common already.

*Sylv. Item*, You shall enter into strict Covenant, not to take any other Farm upon your hands, without my consent and approbation, or if you do, that then it shall be lawful for me to get me another Tenant, how and where I think fit.

*Cour.* Faith that's something hard though, let me tell you but that Landlady.

*Sylv.* Upon these terms we'l draw Articles.

*Cour.* And when shall we Sign 'em.

*Sylv.* Why this morning as soon as the ten a Clock Office in *Covent-garden* is open.

*Cour.* A bargain, but how will you answer your entertainment of a drunken Red-coat in your Lodgings at these unseasonable hours.

*Sylv.* That's a secret you will be hereafter obliged to keep for your own sake, and for the Family, your Friend *Beaugard* shall answer for us there.

*Cour.* Indeed I fancy'd the Rogue had mischief in his head, he behav'd himself so soberly last night, has he taken a Farm lately too.

*Sylv.* A trespasser, I believe, if the truth were known upon the Provender you would fain have been biting at just now.

*Enter* Maid.

*Maid.* Madam, Madam, have a care of your self; I see Lights in the great Hall, whatever is the matter, Sir *Davy* and all the Family are up.

*Cour.* I hope they'l come and catch me here: Well, now you have brought me into this condition, what will you do with me, han!

*Sylv.* You won't be contented for a while to be ty'd up like a Jade to an empty Rack without Hay, will you?

*Cour.* Faith e'en take me, and put my mark upon me quickly, that if I light into ſtrange hands they may know me for a Sheep of thine.

*Sylv.* What by your wanting a Fleece do you mean? If it muſt be ſo come follow your Sheperdeſs B a a a.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Sir *Davy and* Vermin.

*Sir Da.* I cannot ſleep, I ſhall never ſleep again, I have pray'd too ſo long, that were I to be hang'd preſently, I have never a prayer left to help my ſelf, I was no ſooner lay'n down upon the Bed juſt now, and faln into a ſlumber, but methought the Devil was carrying me down *Ludgate-hill* a Gallop, ſix puny Fiends with flaming Fire-forks running before him like Link-boys, to throw me headlong into *Fleet-ditch*, which ſeemed to be turned into a lake of Fire and Brimſtone; would it were Morning.

*Verm.* Truly, Sir, it has been a very dulmal night.

*Sir Da.* But did'ſt thou meet never a white thing upon the ſtairs.

*Verm.* No, Sir, not I, but methoughts I ſaw our great Dog *Touzer*, with his braſs Collar on, ſtand at the Cellar-door as I came along the old Entry.

*Sir Da.* It cou'd never be, *Touzer* has a Chain, had this thing a Chain on?

*Verm.* No Sir, no Chain but it had Touzers eyes for all the World.

*Sir Da.* What ugly great frightful eyes?

*Verm.* Ay, Ay, huge ſauſer eyes, but mightily like Touzers.

*Sir Da.* Oh Lord! oh Lord! heark! heark!

*Verm.* What! what I beſeech you Sir!

*Sir Da.* What's that upon the ſtairs? didſt thou hear nothing? hiſt, heark, pat, pat, pat, heark, heih!

*Verm.* Hear nothing! where Sir.

*Sir Da.* Look! look! what's that! what's that! in the corner there?

*Verm.* Where?

*Sir Da.*

*Sir Da.* There.

*Verm.* What upon the Iron Cheſt?

*Sir Da.* No, the long black thing up by the old Clock-caſe, ſee! ſee! now it ſtirs, and is coming this way.

*Verm.* Alas, Sir, ſpeak to it, you are a Juſtice o peace, I beſeech you, I dare not ſtay in the Houſe: I'l call the Watch and tell 'em Hell's broke looſe, what ſhall I do? oh! [*Exit.*

*Sir Da.* Oh *Verminy*, if thou art a true Servant have pity on thy Maſter, and do not forſake me in this diſtreſſed condition, Satan be gone, I defie thee, I'l repent and be ſav'd, I'l ſay my prayers, I'l go to Church; help! help! help! was there any thing, or no, in what hole ſhall I hide my ſelf. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Sir Jolly, Fourbin *and* Bloody-bones.

*Sir Jol.* That ſhou'd be Sir *Davy*'s voice, the waiting Woman indeed told me he was afraid and could not ſleep, pretty Fellows, pretty Fellows both, y'ave done your buſineſs handſomly, what I'l warrant you have been a Whoring together now hah! You do well, you do dwell, I like you the better for't, what's a Clock?

*Four.* Near four, Sir, 'twill not be day yet theſe two hours.

*Sir Jol.* Very well, but how got ye into the Houſe?

*Fourb.* A ragged retainer of the Family, *Verminy* I think they call him, let us in as Phyſitians ſent for by your Order.

*Sir Jol.* Excellent Rogues! and then I hope all things are ready as I gave Directions.

*Fourb.* To a tittle, Sir, there ſhall not be a more critical Obſerver of your Worſhips pleaſure than your humble Servant the Chevalier *Fourbin:*

*Sir Jol.* Get you gone you Rogue, You have a ſharp Noſe, and are a nimble Fellow; I have no more to ſay to you, ſtand aſide, and be ready when I call, here he comes, hiſh, hem, hem, hem.

*Enter* Sir Davy.

*Sir Da.* Hah! what art thou? approach thou like the rugged *Bank-ſide Bear*, the *Eaſtcheap bull*, or Monſter ſhewn in Fair, take any ſhape but that, and I'l confront thee.

*Sir Jol.* Alas unhappy Man! I am thy Friend.

*Sir Da.* Thou canſt not be my Friend, for I defy thee, Sir *Jolly!* Neighbour! hah! is it you? are you ſure it is you, are you? Your ſelf? if you be give me your hand, Alas a day I ha' ſeen the Devil.

*Sir Jol.* The Devil Neighbour!

*Sir Da.* Ay, Ay, there's no help for't, at first I fancy'd it was a young white Bears Cub dancing in the shadow of my Candle, then it was turn'd to a pair of blew Breaches with wooden leggs on, stampt about the room as if all the Cripples in Town had kept their Rendezvouze there, when all of a sudden it appeard like a leathern Serpent, and with a dreadful clap of Thunder flew out of the Window.

*Sir Jol.* Thunder! Why I heard no Thunder.

*Sir Da.* That may be too, what were you asleep?

*Sir Jol.* Asleep quotha, no, no, no sleeping this Night for me I assure you.

*Sir Da.* Well what's the best news then? How does the Man?

*Sir Jol.* E'en as he did before he was born, nothing at all, he's Dead.

*Sir Da.* Dead! what quite dead!

*Sir Jol.* As good as dead, if not quite dead, 'twas a horrid Murder, and then the terrour of Conscience, Neighbour,

*Sir Da.* And truly I have a very terrifi'd one, Friend, though I never found I had any Conscience at all till now, pray where about was his death's wound?

*Sir Jol.* Just here, just under his left Pap, a dreadful gash.

*Sir Da.* So very wide!

Sir *Jol.* Oh, as wide as my Hat, you might have seen his Lungs, Liver and Heart, as perfectly, as if you had been in his Belly.

*Sir Da.* Is there no way to have him privately Buried and conceal this Murder, must I needs be hang'd by the neck like a Dog, Neighbour; do I look as if I would be hang'd?

*Sir Jol.* Truly, Sir *Davy*, I must deal faithfully with you, you do look a little suspitiously at present; but have you seen the Devil, say you?

*Sir Da.* Ay surely, it was the Devil, nothing else could have frighted me so.

*Sir Jol.* Bless us and guard us all the Angels, what's that?

*Sir Da. Potestati sempiternae ujus benevo-* } *Kneels, holding up his hands*
*lentiâ servantur gentes, & cujus misericordia.* } *and mut'ring as if he pray'd*

Sir *Jol.* Neighbour, where are you, Friend, Sir *Davy*.

*Sir Da.* Ah, what ever you do, be sure to stand close to me, where, where is it?

*Sir Jol.* Just, just there, in the shape of a Coach and six Horses against the wall.

*Sir Da.* Deliver us all, he won't carry me away in that Coach and six will he?

*Sir Jol.* Do you see it?

*Sir Da.* See it! plain, plain, dear Friend advise me what I shall do? Sir *Jolly*, Sir *Jolly*, do you hear nothing? Sir *Jolly*, Hah! has he left me alone! *Vermin.*

*Verm.* Sir.

*Sir Da.* Am I alive? doſt thou know me again? And thy *Quondam* Maſter, Sir *Davy Dunce*?

*Verm.* I hope I ſhall never forget you, Sir.

*Sir Da.* Didſt thou ſee nothing?

*Verm.* Yes, Sir, methought the Houſe was all o' fire as it were.

*Sir Da.* Did'ſt thou not ſee how the Devils grinn'd and gnaſht their teeth at me *Vermin*?

*Verm.* Alas, Sir, I was afraid one of 'em would have bit off my Noſe, as he vaniſht out of the door.

*Sir Da.* Lead me away, I'l go to my Wife, I'l die by my own dear Wife; run away to the Temple and call Councellor my Lawyer, I'l make over my Eſtate preſently, I ſhan't live till noon, I'l give all I have to my Wife, Hah *Vermin*!

*Verm.* Truly, Sir, ſhe's a very good Lady.

*Sir Da.* Ah much, much too good for me *Vermin*, thou can'ſt not imagine what ſhe has done for me Man, ſhe would break her heart if I ſhould give any thing away from her, ſhe loves me ſo dearly; Yet if I do die, thou ſhalt have all my old Shoes.

*Verm.* I hope to ſee you live Many a fair day yet though.

*Sir Da.* Ah, my Wife, my poor Wife, lead me to my poor Wife. [*Exeunt.*

*Scene draws and diſcovers* Sir Jolly, Beaugard, *and* Lady *in her Chamber.*

*Lady D.* What think you now of a cold wet March over the Mountains, Your men tir'd, your Baggage not come up, but at night a dirty watry Plain to Encamp upon, and nothing to ſhelter you, but an old Leager Cloak as tatter'd as your Colours? is not this much better now than lying wet, and getting the Sciatica?

*Beaug.* The hopes of this made all Fatigue eaſie to me, the thoughts of *Clarinda* have a thouſand times refresht me in my ſolitude, when e're I Marcht, I fancy'd ſtill it was to my *Clarinda*! when I fought, I imagin'd it was for my *Clarinda*! but when I came home, and found *Clarinda* loſt! ——— how could you think of waſting but a night in the rank furfeiting arms of this foul feeding Monſter? this rotten trunck of a Man, that lays claim to you.

*Lady D.* The perſwaſion of Friends and the Authority of Parents!

*Beaug.* And had you no more Grace, than to be rul'd by a Father and Mother?

*Lady D.*

*Lady D.* When you were gone, that should have given me better Counsel, how could I help my self?

*Beaug.* Methinks then you might have found out some cleanlier shift to have thrown away your self upon, than nauseous old age and unwholsome deformity.

*Lady D.* What upon some overgrown full fed Country Fool, with a Hogs face, a great ugly Head, and a great fine Estate, one that should have been drain'd and squeez'd, and jolted up and down the Town in Hackneys with Cheats and Hectors, and so sent home at three o' Clock every Morning like a lolling Booby stinking, with a belly full of stomm'd Wine, and nothing in's Pockets.

*Beaug.* You might have made a tractable Beast of such a one, he would have been young enough for Training.

*Lady D.* Is youth then so gentle if age be stubborn? Young men like Springs wrought by a subtle work man, easily ply to what their wishes prest 'em, but the desire once gone that kept 'em down, they soon start streight again, and no signs left which way they bent before.

Sir Jolly *at the door peeping.*

*Sir Jol.* So, so, who says I see any thing now? I see nothing not I, I don't see, I don't see, I don't look, not so much as look not I. [*Enters.*

*Enter* Sir Davy.

*Sir Da.* I will have my Wife, carry me to my Wife, let me go to my Wife, I'll live and die with my Wife, let the Devil do his worst; Ah, my Wife, my Wife, my Wife!——

*Lady D.* Alas, alas, we are ruin'd, shift for your self, counterfeit the dead Corps once more, or any thing.

*Sir Da.* Hah! what soe're thou art, thou canst not cozen me, speak to me. Who has done this? thou can'st not say I did it.

*Sir Jol.* Did it, did what? here's no body says you did any thing that I know, Neighbour, what's the matter with you? what ailes you? whither do you go? whither do you run? I tell you here's no body says a word to you.

*Sir Da.* Did you not see the Ghost just now?

*Sir Jol.* Ghost! prithee now, here's no Ghost, whither would you go? I tell you, you shall not stir one foot farther Man, the Devil take me if you do; Ghost, prithee here's no Ghost at all, a little flesh and blood indeed there is, some old, some young, some alive, some dead, and so forth, but Ghost! Pish, here's no Ghost.

*Sir Da.*

*Sir Da.* But, Sir, if I say I did see a Ghost, I did see a Ghost, and you go to that, why sure I know a Ghost when I see one: Ah my Dear, if thou hadst but seen the Divel half so often as I have seen him.

*Lady D.* Alas, Sir *Davy*, if you ever lov'd me, come not, oh come not near me, I have resolv'd to waste the short remainder of my Life in Penitence, and taste of Joys no more.

*Sir Da.* Alas my poor Child, but do you think then there was no Ghost indeed.

*Sir Jol.* Ghost! Alas a day, what should a Ghost do here?

*Sir Da.* And is the man dead?

*Sir Jol.* Dead, Ay, ay, stark dead, he's stiff by this time.

*Lady D.* Here you may see the horrid ghastly Spectacle the sad effects of my too rigid Vertue, and your too fierce resentment——

*Sir Jol.* Do you see there?

*Sir Da.* Ay, ay, I do see, would I had never seen him, would he had lain with my Wife in every House between *Charen-Cross* and *Ald-Gate*, so this had never happen'd.

*Sir Jol.* In Troth, and would he had, but we are all mortal Neighbour, all mortal, to day we are here, to morrow gone, like the shadow that vanisheth, like the Grass that withereth, or like the Flower that fadeth, or indeed like any thing, or rather like nothing: but we are all mortal.

*Sir Da.* Heigh!——

*Lady D.* Down, down that trap door, it goes into a bathing-Room, for the rest, leave it to my Conduct.

*Sir Jol.* 'Tis very unfortunate that you should run your self into this premunire, Sir *David*.

*Sir Da.* Indeed, and so it is.

*Sir Jol.* For a Gentleman, a man in Authority, a person in years, one that us'd to go to Church with his Neighbours.

*Sir Da.* Every Sundy, truly, Sir *Jolly*.

*Sir Jol.* Pay Scot and Lot to the Parish.

*Sir Da.* Six pounds a year to the very Poor without abatement or deduction, 'tis very hard, if so good a common-Wealths-man should be brought to ride in a Cart at last, and be hang'd in a Sunshiny morning, to make Butchers and suburb Apprentices a Holy-day; I'll e'en run away.

*Sir Jol.* Run away! why then your estate will be forfeited, you'l loose your Estate man.

*Sir Da.* Truly, you say right, Friend, and a Man had better be half hang'd then loose his Estate, you know.

*Sir Jol.* Hang'd! no, no, I think there's no great fear of Hanging neither; what, the Fellow was but a sort of an unaccountable Fellow as I heard you say.

*Sir Da.*

*Sir Da.* Ay, ay, a Pox on him, he was a Souldierly sort of a Vagabond, he had little or nothing but his sins to live upon: If I could have had but Patience, he would have been hang'd within these two Months, and all this mischief sav'd.

*Scaugard Rises up like a Ghost at a trap door, just before Sir* David.

*Sir Da.* Ah Lord! the Devil, the Devil, the Devil. [*Falls upon his Face.*

*Sir Jol.* Why, Sir *Davy*, Sir *Davy*, what ailes you? What's the matter with you?

*Sir Da.* Let me alone, let me lie still, I will not look up to see an Angel, O h h h.

*Lady D.* My Dear, why do you do these cruel things to affright me? Pray rise and speak to me.

*Sir Da.* I dare dot stir, I saw the Ghost again just now.

*Lady D.* Ghost again! what Ghost? Where?

*Sir Da.* Why, there, there.

*Sir Jol.* Here has been no Ghost.

*Sir Da.* Why did you see nothing then?

*Lady D.* See nothing! no, nothing but one another.

*Sir Da.* Then I am enchanted, or my end near at hand, Neighbour, for Heavens sake Neighbour advise me what I shall do to be at rest.

*Sir Jol.* Do! why what think you if the Body were removed?

*Sir Da.* Remov'd! I'd give a hundred pound the Body were out of my House; may be then the Divel won'd not be so impudent.

*Sir Jol.* I have discover'd a door place in the Wall, betwixt my Ladies Chamber and one that belongs to me, if you think fit, we'll beat it down and remove this troublesome lump of Earth to my House.

*Sir Da.* But will ye be so kind?

*Sir. Jol.* If you think it may by any means be serviceable to you.

*Sir Da.* Truly if the Body were remov'd, and dispos'd of privately that no more might be heard of the matter——I hope he'll be as good as his word.

*Sir Jol.* Fear nothing I'll warrant you, but in troth, I had utterly forgot one thing, utterly forgot it.

*Sir Da.* What's that's?

*Sir Jol.* Why it will be absolutely necessary that my Lady staid with me at my House for one day till things were better settelled.

*Sir Da.*

*Sir Da.* Ah, Sir *Jolly*! whatever you think fit: any thing of mine that you have a mind to; pray take her, pray take her, you ſhall be very welcome; hear you my deareſt, there is but one way for us to get rid of this untoward buſineſs, and Sir *Jolly* has found it out, therefore by all means go along with him, and be rul'd by him, and whatever Sir *Jolly* would have thee do, e'en do it, ſo heav'n proſper ye, good b'w'y, good b'w'y till I ſee you again. [*Exit.*

*Sir Jol.* This is certainly, the civilleſt Cuckold in City, Town or Country.

*Beau.* Is he gone? [*Steps out.*

*Lady D.* Yes, and has left poor me here.

*Beau.* In troth, Madam, 'tis barbarouſly done of him, to commi a horrid murder on the Body of an innocent poor Fellow, and then leave you to ſtem the danger of it.

*Sir Jol.* Odd an I were as thee Sweetheart I'd be reveng'd on him for it, ſo I would: Go get ye together, ſteal out of the houſe as ſoftly as you can, I'll meet ye in the *Piazza* preſently, go, be ſure ye ſteal out of the Houſe, and don't let Sir *Davy* ſee you.

*The Scene ſhuts, and Sir* Jolly *comes forwards.*

*Enter* Bloody-bones.

*Bloody-bones.*

*Blood.* I am here, Sir.

*Sir Jol.* Go you and *Fourbine* to my Houſe preſently, bid Monſieur *Fourbin* remember that all things be ordered according to my directions, tell my Maids too I am coming home in a trice, bid 'em get the great Chamber, and the Banquet I ſpoke for ready preſently, and d'ye hear carry the minſtrells with ye too, for I'm reſolv'd to rejoyce this morning, let me ſee——Sir *Davy*.

*Enter Sir* Davy.

*Sir Da.* Ay Neighbour, 'tis I; is the buſineſs done? I cannot be ſatisfi'd till I am ſure, have you remov'd the body, is it gone?

*Sir Jol.* Yes, yes, my Servants convey'd it out of the Houſe juſt now; well Sir *Davy*, a good morning to you: I wiſh you your health with all my Heart Sir *Davy*, the firſt thin gyou do though, I'd have you ſay your prayers by all means if you can.

*Sir Da.* If I can poſſibly, I will.

*Sir Jol.* Well God b'w'y. [*Exit Sir* Jolly.

*Sir Da.* God b'w'y heartily good Neighbour——*Vermine*, *Vermine*.

*Enter* Vermin.

*Verm.* Did your Honour call?

*Sir Da.* Go run, run, presently over the square, and call the Constable presently, tell him here's murder committed, and that I must speak with him instantly—I'l e'en carry him to my Neighbours, that he may find the dead body there, and so let my Neighbour be very fairly hang'd in my stead, hah! a very good jest as I hope to live, ha, ha, ha; hey, what's that?

*Watchmen at the Door.* Almost 4 a Clock and a dark cloudy morning, good morrow my Masters all, good morrow.

*Enter* Constable, *and* Watch.

*Const.* How's this! a door open, come in Gentlemen,——ah, Sir *Davy*, your honours humble servant! I and my Watch going my morning Rounds, and finding your door open made bold to enter to see there were no danger, your Worship will excuse our care, a good morning to you, Sir.

*Sir Da.* Oh Mr. Constable, I'm glad you're here, I sent my man just now to call you, I have sad news to tell you, Mr. Constable.

*Const.* I am sorry for that, Sir, sad news!

*Sir Da.* Oh ay, sad news, very sad news truly: here has been murder committed.

*Const.* Murder; if that's all we are your humble servants, Sir, we'll bid you good morrow, murders nothing at this time o' night in *Covent-Garden.*

*Sir Dav.* Oh but this is a horrid bloody murder, done under my Nose, I cannot bue take notice of it; though I am sorry to tell you the Authors of it, very sorry truly.

*Const.* Was it committed here near hand?

*Sir Da.* Oh at the very next door, a sad murder indeed; after they had done they carried the body privately into my Neighbour *Jollies* House here, I am sorry to tell it you Mr. Constable, for I am affraid it will look but scurvily on his side; though I am a Justice o' Peace Gentlemen, and am bound by my Oath to take notice of it, I can't help it.

1 *Watch.* I never lik'd that Sir *Jolly.*

*Const.* He threatned me t'other day, for carrying a little dirty draggle-tail'd Whore to Bridewell, and said she was his Cousin, Sir if your Worship thinks fit, we'll go search his house.

*Sir Da.* Oh by all means, Gentlemen it must be so, Justice must have it's course, the Kings leige subjects must not be destroy'd, *Vermin*, carry Mr. Constable and his Dragons into the Cellar, and make 'em drink, I'll but step into my study, put on my Face of Authority, and call upon ye instantly.

*All*

*All Watchm.* We thank your honour.

*Scene changes to Sir* Jollies, *A Banquet.*

*Enter Sir* Jolly, Beaugard, *and Lady* Dunce.

*Sir Jol.* So, are ye come? I am glad on't, odd y'are welcome, very welcome, odd ye are, here's a ſmall Banquet, but I hope 'twill pleaſe you, ſit ye down, ſit ye down, both together, nay, both together: A Pox o' him that parts ye, I ſay.

*Beaug.* Sir *Jolly*, this might be an entertainment for *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, were they living.

Sir *Jolly.* Piſh! A Pox of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, they are dead and rotten long ago, come, come, time's but ſhort, time's but ſhort, and muſt be made the beſt uſe of; for

*Youth's a flower that ſoon does fade,*
*And life is but a ſpan,*
*Man was for the Woman made,*
*And Woman made for Man.*

Why now we can be bold, and make merry, and friſk, and be briſk, rejoice and make a noiſe, and —— odd, I am pleas'd, mightily pleas'd, odd I am.

*Lady D.* Really, Sir *Jolly*, you are more a Philoſopher then I thought you were.

*Sir Jol.* Philoſopher, Madam! Yes, Madam, I have read Books in my times; odd *Ariſtotle*, in ſome things, had very pretty notions, he was an underſtanding Fellow. Why don't ye eat, odd an' ye don't eat, —— here Child, here's ſome Ringoes, help, help your Neighbour a little, odd they are very good, very comfortable, very cordial.

*Beaug.* Sir *Jolly*, your Health.

*Sir Jol.* With all my heart, old Boy.

*Lady D.* Dear Sir *Jolly* what are theſe? I never taſted of theſe before.

*Sir Jol.* That! eat it, eat it, eat it when I bid you; odd 'tis the root Satyrion, a very pretious plant, I gather 'em every *May* my ſelf, odd they'l make an old Fellow of ſixty-five cut a Caper like a Dancing Maſter; give me ſome Wine: Madam, here's a health, here's a health Madam, here's a health to honeſt Sir *Davy*, faith and troth, ha, ha, ha. [*Dance.*

*Enter* Bloody-bones.

*Blood.* Sir, Sir, Sir! What will you do? yonder's the Conſtable and all his Watch at the Door, and threatens demoliſhment, if not admitted preſently.

*Sir Jol.* Odds ſo! odds ſo! the Conſtable and his Watch! what's to be done now? get ye both into the Alcove there, get ye gone quickly, quickly, no noiſe, no noiſe, d'ye hear the Conſtable and his Watch! A Pox on the Conſtable and his Watch, what the Devil have the Conſtable and his Watch to do here?

*Enter* Conſtable, Watch, *and Sir* Davy. *Scene ſhuts, Sir* Jolly *comes forward.*

*Conſt.* This way, this way, Gentlemen, ſtay one of ye at the door, and let no body paſs, do you hear? Sir *Jolly*, your ſervant.

*Sir Jol.* What this outrage, this diſturbance committed upon my Houſe and Family; Sir, Sir, Sir! What do you mean by theſe doings ſweet Sir! heh!——

*Conſt.* Sir having received information that the body of a murder'd Man is conceal'd in your Houſe, I am come, according to my duty, to make ſearch and diſcover the truth, — ſtand to my aſſiſtance, Gentlemen.

*Sir Jol.* A murder'd man, Sir!

*Sir Da.* Yes a murder'd Man Sir, *Sir Jolly*, Sir *Jolly*, I am ſorry to ſee a perſon of your Character and Figure in the Pariſh concern'd in Murder I ſay.

*Sir Jol.* Here's a Dog! here's a Rogue for you, here's a Villain, here's a Cockoldly Son of his Mother, I never knew a Cuckold in my life, that was not a falſe Rogue in his heart, there are no honeſt Fellows living but Whore-maſters; hark you, Sir, what a Pox do you mean? you had beſt play the fool and ſpoil all, you had, what's all this for?

*Sir Da.* When your Worſhip's come to be hang'd you'll find the meaning on't, Sir; I ſay once more, ſearch the Houſe.

*Conſt.* It ſhall be done, Sir, come along Friends.

(*Exit* Conſtable *and* Watch.

*Sir Jol.* Search my Houſe, oh Lord, ſearch my Houſe, what will become of me? I ſhall loſe my reputation with Man and Woman, and no body will ever truſt me again: Oh Lord, ſearch my Houſe, all will be diſcover'd do what I can; I'l ſing a Song like a dying Swan, and try to give 'em warning.

*Go from the Window, my Love, my Love, my Love,*
*Go from the Window, my Dear.*

The

*The Wind and the Rain*
*Has brought 'em back again,*
*And thou can'ſt have no Lodging here.*

Oh Lord, ſearch my Houſe!

*Sir Da.* Break down that door, I'l have that Door broke open, break down that door, I ſay. [*Knocking within.*

*Sir Jol.* Very well done, break down my doors! break down my walls, Gentlemen! plunder my Houſe! raviſh my Maids! Ah curſt be Cuckolds, Cuckolds, Conſtables and Cockolds.

*Scene draws and diſcovers* Beaugard *and Lady* Dunce.

*Beaug.* Stand off, by heav'n the firſt that comes here comes upon his death.

*Sir Da.* Sir, your humble ſervant, I am glad to ſee you are alive again with all my heart; Gentlemen, here's no harm done Gentlemen, here's no body murder'd Gentlemen, the Man's alive again Gentlemen, but here's my Wife Gentlemen, and a fine Gentleman with her, Gentlemen and Mr. Conſtable, I hope you'l bear me witneſs Mr. Conſtable.

*Sir Jol.* That he's a Cuckold, Mr. Conſtable. [*Aſide*

*Beaug.* Hark ye, ye Currs, keep off from ſnapping at my heels, or I ſhall ſo feague ye.

*Sir Jol.* Get ye gone ye Dogs, ye Rogues, ye night Toads of the Pariſh Dungeon, diſturb my Houſe at theſe unſeaſonable hours, get ye out of my doors, get ye gone, or I'l brain ye, Dogs, Rogues, Villains. [*Exeunt* Conſtable *and* Watch.

*Beaug.* And next, for you Sir Coxcomb, you ſee I am not murder'd, though you paid well for the performance; what think you of bribing my own Man to Butcher me.

*Enter* Fourbin *and* Bloody-bones.

Look ye Sir, he can cut a Throat upon occaſion, and here's another dreſſes a man's heart with Oyl and Pepper, better than any Cook in Chriſtendome.

*Four.* Will your Worſhip pleaſe to have one for your Breakfaſt this morning?

*Sir Da.* with all my heart, Sweet-heart, any thing in the World faith and troth, ha, ha, ha, this is the pureſt ſport, ha ha ha.

*Enter* Vermin.

*Verm.* Oh, Sir, the moſt unhappy and moſt unfortunate news!

There

There has been a Gentleman in Madam *Sylvia*'s Chamber all this night, who juſt as you went out of doors, carry'd her away, and whither they are gone, no body knows.

*Sir Da.* With all my heart, I am glad on't Child, I would not care if he had carry'd away my Houſe and all, Man; unhappy news quotha! poor Fool, he does not know I am a Cuckold, and that any body may make bold with what belongs to me, ha, ha, ha; I am ſo pleas'd, ha, ha, ha. I think I was never ſo pleas'd in all my life before, ha, ha, ha.

*Beaug.* Nay, Sir, I have a hanck upon you, there are Laws for Cut-throats, Sir, and as you tender your future credit, take this wrong'd Lady home, and uſe her handſomly, uſe her like my Miſtreſs, Sir, do you mark me, that when we think fit to meet again, I hear no complaint of you, this muſt be done Friend.

*Sir Jol.* In troth, and it is but reaſonable, very reaſonable in troth.

*Lady D.* Can you, my Dear, forgive me one misfortune.

*Sir Da.* Madam, in one word, I am thy Lady-ſhips moſt humble Servant and Cuckold, Sir *Davy Dunce* Kt. Living in *Covent Garden*, ha, ha, ha, well this is mighty pretty, ha, ha, ha.

*Enter* Sylvia *followed by* Courtine.

*Sylv.* Sir *Jolly*, ah, Sir *Jolly*, protect me or I'm ruin'd.

*Sir Jol.* My little Minikin, is it thy ſqueek?

*Beaug.* My dear *Courtine*, welcome.

*Sir Jol.* Well Child, and what would that wicked Fellow do to thee Child? hah Child, Child, what would he do to thee?

*Sylv.* Oh, Sir, he has moſt inhumanely ſeduc'd me out of my Uncle's Houſe, and threatens to marry me.

*Court.* Nay, Sir, and ſhe having no more Grace before her eyes neither, has e'en taken me at my word.

*Sir Jol.* In troth, and that's very uncivilly done: I don't like theſe Marriages, I'll have no Marriages in my Houſe, and there's an end on't.

*Sir Da.* And do you intend to marry my Niece, Friend?

*Court.* Yes, Sir, and never ask your conſent neither.

*Sir Da.* In troth, and that's very well ſaid, I am glad on't with all my heart, Man, becauſe ſhe has five thouſand pound to her Portion, and my Eſtate's bound to pay it; well, this is the happieſt day, ha, ha, ha.

*Here, take thy Bride, like Man and Wife agree,*
*And may ſhe prove as true —— as mine to me.*
Ha, ha, ha.

*Beaug.*

*Beaug. Courtine*, I wiſh thee Joy, thou art come opportunely to be a Witneſs of a perfect Reconcilement between me and that worthy Knight, Sir *Davy Dunce*, which to preſerve inviolate, you muſt, Sir, before we part enter into ſuch Covenants for performance as I ſhall think fit.

*Sir Da* No more to be ſaid, it ſhall be done Sweet-heart, but don't be too hard upon me, uſe me Gently as thou did'ſt my Wife, Gently, ha, ha, ha; a very good Jeaſt, I'faith, ha, ha, ha, or if he ſhould be cruel to me, Gentlemen, and take this advantage over a poor Cornuto, to lay me in a Priſon, or throw me in a Dungeon, at leaſt

*I hope Amongſt all you, Sirs, I ſhan't fail*
*To find one Brother-Cuckold out for Bail.*

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# Epilogue.

*With the diſcharge of Paſſions much oppreſt,*
*Diſturb'd in Brain, and penſive in his Breaſt,*
*Full of thoſe thoughts which make th' unhappy ſad,*
*And by Imagination half grown mad,*
*The Poet led abroad his Mourning Muſe,*
*And let her range, to ſee what ſport ſhe'd chuſe,*
*Strait like a Bird got looſe, and on the Wing,*
*Pleas'd with her freedom, ſhe began to Sing;*
*Each Note was Eccho'd all the Vale along,*
*And this was what ſhe utter'd in her Song.*
*Wretch, write no more for an uncertain fame,*
*Nor call thy Muſe, when thou art dull, to blame:*
*Conſider with thy ſelf how th'art Unfit*
*To make that Monſter of Mankind, a Wit:*

*A Wit's*

# EPILOGUE.

*A Wit's a Toad, who ſwell'd with ſilly pride,*
*Full of himſelf, ſcorns all the World beſide;*
*Civil would ſeem, though he good manners lacks,*
*Smiles on all faces, rails behind all backs:*
*If e're good natur'd, nought to Ridicule,*
*Good nature melts a Wit into a Fool;*
*Plac'd high, like ſome Jack-Pudding in a Hall*
*At Chriſtmas Revels he makes ſport for all.*
*So much in little praiſes he delights,*
*But when he's angry draws his Pen and Writes:*
*A Wit to no man will his dues allow,*
*Wits will not part with a good Word that's due:*
*So who e're Ventures on the Ragged Coaſt*
*Of ſtarving Poets, certainly is loſt,*
*They rail like Porters at the Penny-Poſt.*
*At a new Author's Play ſee one but ſit*
*Making his ſnarling froward face of Wit,*
*The Merit he allowes, and Praiſe he grants,*
*Comes like a Tax from a poor Wretch that wants.*
*O Poets, have a care of one another,*
*There's hardly one amongſt ye true to to'ther:*
*Like* Trincalo's *and* Stephano's *ye Play,*
*The lewdeſt tricks each other to betray.*
*Like Foes detract, yet flatt'ring friendlike ſmile,*
*And all is one another to beguile*
*Of Praiſe, the Monſter of your Barren Iſle:*
*Enjoy the proſtitute ye ſo admire*
*Enjoy her to the full of your deſire,*
*Whilſt this poor Scribler wiſhes to retire,*
*Where he may ne're repeat his Follies more,*
*But Curſe the Fate that wrackt him on your Shore.*
*Now you, who this day as his Judges ſit,*
*After y'ave heard what he has ſaid of Wit,*
*Ought for your own ſakes not to be ſevere*
*But ſhow ſo much to think he meant none here.*

FINIS.